

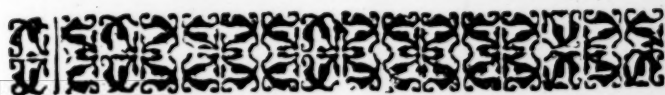
A P O S T E
VVITH A PAC-
KET OF MAD
L E T T E R S.

Newly imprinted.



LONDON,
Printed for *John Marriot.*

1634.



TO THE RIGHT VVORSHIPFULL,

MAXIMILIAN DALLISON of HAVVLIN,
in the Countie of KENT, Esquire:

NICHOLAS BRETON wisheth the happi-
nesse of this World, and Hea-
ven hereafter.

Find in *Latine, French, Ita-
lian, and Spanish*, Bookes
of Epistles, dedicated to
men of good account, as
wel for their places, as spi-
rit: but withall, I must confesse the *An-
thors* of those writings, to have been men
of those judgements, that have set down
matter worthy regard: now, for my selfe,
though I cannot stand in the ranke of
those rare wits, yet noting in your iudg-
ment, that true Noblenesse of Spirit, that
A 3 by

The Epistle Dedicatory.

by the regard of your good favour, may
grace the workes of an unworthy hope,
and presuming (upon my knowledge of
your discretion) to receive pardon of my
presumption, hoping that you shall find
nothing displeasing to an honest minde,
some things profitable to a yong wit, &
wishing all, worthy the favourable ac-
ceptation of your good patience, in all
due thankfulness for your undeserved
goodnesse, I humbly take my leave.

Yours in affectionate service,

NICHOLAS BRETON.



TO THE READER.



Entle if you be, be you so, gentle Reader; you shall understand, that I know not when, there came a Poste, I know not whence, was going I know not whither, and carried I know not what: But in his way, I know not how, it was his hap with lack of heed, to let fall a Packet of Idle Papers, the superscription whereof being only to him that finds it, being my fortune to light on it, seeing no greater style in the direction, fell to opening of the inclosure, in which I found divers Letters writen, to whom, or from whom I could not learne. Now for the contents of the circumstances, when you have read them, iudge of them; and as you like them, regard them: And for my selfe, hearing you liked well of this first Part, I have adventured a second, which here I present you with, both in one: but fearing to be too tedious in this Letter, lest you like the worse of those which follow, I rest as I have reason,

Yours, N.B.

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A POSTE WITH A PACKET OF MAD LETTERS.

A Complementall Letter.

Deare friend.



In elegant compofure of your lines make me to efteeme you a deepe fcholler, and the remembrance of your loue towards me, makes me glazy in fo exquisite a friend: with what an extafie of comfort fhall I be ravifhed by your company, who fufet thus with joy at the paper, which beates the Characters of your name and hand-writting: which writting truly is moft delectable, but not fatisfactory, fo: I cannot derive a fullneffe of content to my felfe, though I were made poffeffor of both the Indies, or had the affluence of all outward commodities, if I ever be deprived of your focietic, which I account as the greateft moitie of all terrene happineffe, who am refolved ftill to continue my fozrow fo: your continued abfence, and request you to haften the hower wherein I may congratulate your fafety, and to abidge my time of mourning with a fpedy and moft welcome returne unto

Your deuoted friend, A.B.

From a Sonne to his Father.

VVerens it is the part of euey childe, being by duty and nature chiefly bound, daily to follicite God with importunate prayers fo: his Parents profperity: I therefore good Father being a fonne bound then any through the fluent bounty of a fathers loue, doe now in all reuerence, obediently remember my zeale and duty, with my feruent prayers fo: the continuance of all true felicitie towards you, whose loue hath bene the flood to fil the banks againe, when my irregular expences were the ebides to make my money run low: but as I am insufficient to make a plenary retribution, or to cancel the obligatiō of your fo many

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kindnesses and benefits, so will I neuer forget to shew my gratefull remembrance: but being ashamed to returne nothing but bare words in retribution, I haue at this present sent you a Gelding, whose worth I leaue to your triall and experience, and desire you to accept him as the rentall tribute of

Your obedient Sonne, I. M.

A Letter of Loue to his Mistris.

Loweliest Mistris

That powerfull Deity which hath enkindled the hearts of mightie Monarchs with the beautifull lineaments of rosie cheek Ladies, at this time hath manifested his soueraignie ouer me, who being taken in the snare of loue, & fettered in the bonds of affection, am in the same predicament of passion: the countlesse grieues, which day and night I haue long endured for your sake (able to melt a heart harder then a diamond) may be as perswading Orators to moue your pitifull nature to fauour: and my languishing estate doth imploze (if you hold my life in any regard) that you would vouchsafe by your kindnesse to comfort my soule, which is prepared to forsake this wretched body vpon demall: But fearing lest I haue too much slackt the reine to my pen, and been too liberal in writing, awaiting in your answer for the sentence of life or death, wishing you a perpetuity of ioy, I rest, Yours most affectionately, A. B.

A Letter admonitory to a Gentlewoman liuing in London.

It is obseruable that when a man hath a glasse of a brittle substance, and for the worth of great price and value, he is very chary and heedfull thereof, because if by a fall it should be broken, it is impossible to haue it repaired: I make the application vnto your selfe (Cousin Dorothy) your Harder-head being a iewel of high estimate, may be compared to that brittle ware, which vnlesse your care be the greater for the preservation, may get a cracke that no Art of man can make whole againe, and a blow, that no herbe is of sufficient efficacy to cure: Let not my needfull aduice be in ill part accepted, the trespass being so vnderstandable, and the losse so irrecoverable. Your Sex (Cousin) is of it selfe prone and propense vnto pleasure, and London is a place fuller of provocatiues to sinne, your beauty shall there hourly meet with forcible temptations, though haply in the harmlesse countrey the mistress of your wits found no assaults. But I hope your genuine & innate vertue direct you from so soule an ignominie, and giue me cause to rest

Yours

Your louing Cosen, G. D.

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A Letter to his Mistress desiring marriage.

Curteous Mistress Amee, the only ray of my heart, I thought it fitting to declare my minde in writing to you: long time I haue rested your true and constant loue, hoping to finde the like true affection from you: I write not in any dissembling sort, my tongue doth declare my heart, assuring you that I doe not regard any position, but your hearty loue to remaine firme to me. I would be glad to know when you would appoint the day of our marriage, if it stand so to your liking: beare Amee take some pittie on him that loueth you so well, you know that I haue bene profferd good mens daughters in marriage, but I could neuer fancy any so well as your selfe, I desire to know the fullness of your affection, whether it doth equall mine or no, and vpon the receipt of your answer, you shall see mee shortly after: though I receiue you in your smocke, I haue sufficient meanes to provide for you and me both, I haue sent you a ring in token of loue, which I pray you accept of. I omit all eloquence, not doubting, but you will consider my seruent zeale which cannot be expressed with words: thus requesting your answer I commit you to God, resting.

Your assured louing friend till death, H.K.

Amerry Letter of newes of Complaints.

Honest George my old Schoole-fellow and kinde friend, glad to heare of thy home quiet, how euer I fare with my farre trauell, whereas thou writest vnto mee for such newes as this place yieldeth, let mee tell thee that there are so many, and so few of them true, that I dare almost write none: onely this vpon my knowledge I dare deliuer thee for truth, that of late in the Citie there are a number of complaints euery houre in the day: The Souldier complaines either of peace or penurie, the Lawyer either of lacke of Clients, or cold fees, the Merchant of small traffike, or ill fortune the Tradesman of lacke of Chapmen, the labourers of lacke of worke, the poore man of lacke of charity, and the rich of lacke of money, the thiefe of the lacke of booties, and the Hang-man that his træs are bare. And for your feminine gender, many old women cry out of young birthrights, and many young wenches complaine of old misters: whosoer matters goe, I cannot help them, but as I heare of their complaints, I haue written thee the contents, which being scarce worth your reading, I leaue to thy weest vñing. And so soorie that I haue no matter of worth wherewith better

to f: thine humo:z, in as much kindnesse as I can, I commend my loue to thy command, and so I rest,

Thine euer as mine owne, W.P.

To a vertuous Gentlewoman.

I Will not deny but your faire eyes are able to dart loue into any beholder, but the vertues of your minde haue twonne me to be enamored on your person. They that aime at the forme, tie their loues but to an apprenticeship of beauty, which broken with sicknesse or yeaeres, they grow either cold in their affection, or fall to a loathing of their once beloued obiect, but I (confiding in your wisdom, and supporting my hopes vpon the pillar of your sapience) put it to your election either to grace me with your fauour, whose loue shall be as durable as the immortall essence of your soule, from whence flow your neuer enough commended vertues, or to cast it on some superficiall and temporary Louer, whose affection will fade with the decay of your soone banishing beauty. But I will here set a period to my lines, and giue way to your discret consideration to contemplate & discusse of the most affectionate sute of

Your euer vowed seruant, R.I.

A Letter of comfortable aduice to a Friend, who
sorrowed for the death of his Loue.

Honest Alexander, I heare thou art of late fallen into an extreme melancholy, by reason of the sudden departure of Susanna out of this life: for thy sake I am sorrie she hath left her passage on this earth, though being too good for this world, she is now gone to a better: now if thy mourning could recover her from death, I would willingly beare part of thy passion: but when it doth her no good, and thy selfe much hurt, let not a wilfull humo: lead thee into a woefull consumption. Thou knowest she is senselesse in the graue, and wilt thou therefore be witlesse in the world? Say loue is extreame, and let me beloeue it: wilt thou therefore deprive nature of reason? God forbid: well, thou knowest I loue thee, and in my loue let me aduise thee, not to goe from thy selfe with an imagination of what was, to lose that which is: becau^e she is in Heauen, wilt thou be in Hell? or if she be halfe an Angell, wilt thou be more then halfe a Demill? Oh, spend thy spirit to a better purpose: let not the remembrance of her perfection draw thee into imperfections: nor make loue hatefull to others by seeing thy unhappinesse caused in thy selfe.

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selfe. Oh let not fancy thew folly in the, howsoever vertue deserved hono-
 nor in her: Leave thy solitary dwelling and come line with me, we will
 devise some good meanes for the remove of this melancholy. In the
 meane time, make not too much of it, lest it chance to prove a madnessse:
 Love thy selfe, and believe thy friend, and what is in me to doe the good,
 command as thy owne: glad I would be to see thee, as he who doth
 intirely love thee, and is desirous to heare from thee, to the Almighty I
 leave thee, Farewell.

Thine as his owne, F.D.

His answer.

Kind Franke, I have received thy friendly Letter, and note thy care
 full love: but pardon me, if I doe not answer to thy liking. Alas,
 how can he truly iudge of Love, that never kindly was in love: or know
 how soundly to helpe a sorrow, that never inwardly felt it: Reading
 makes a Scholler by rule, and observation I know doth much in the per-
 fection of Art, but experience is the Mother of knowledge. My Distresse
 beauty was no Doneshine, whose vertue gaue light to the hearts eye,
 nor her wisdom, an ordinary leif, which put reason to his perfect under-
 standing: and for her graces, are not they written among the vertuous:
 Thou saidst well, she was too heavenly a Creature to make her habitati-
 on on this earth: and is it not then a kinde of hel to be without her in this
 world: Imaginations are no dreames, where substances are the object of
 the senses, while the eye of memory is never weary of seeing. Oh honest
 Franke thinke thou hast not lived that hast not loved, nor canst live in
 this world, to have such a love die in it: It is a dull spirit that is fed
 with oblivion, and a dead sense that hath no feeling of love: thinke there-
 fore what was, is with me, and my selfe as nothing without the enjoying
 of that something, which was to me all in all. Is not the presence of an
 Angell able to ravish the sight of a man: And is not the light of Beauty
 the life of Love: Leave thou to burthen mee with imperfection in my
 sorrow for her want, whose presence was my Paradise, and whose ab-
 sence is my worlds hell: thou dost misconstrue my good, in languishing
 for her lacke, and knowest not my heart, in thinking of any other com-
 forts: No Franke, let it suffice though I love thee, I cannot forget her:
 and though I live with thee, yet will I die for her: have patience then

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with

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With my passion, till time better temper my affection: in which, most devoted to thee of any man living, till I see thee, (which shall be as shortly as I well can) I rest,

Thine as thou knowest, D.E.

A Letter of aduice to a young Courtier.

My noble kinsman, I heare you are of late growne a great Courtier, I wish you much grace, and the continuing of your best comfort: but for that your yeares haue not had time to see much and your kindnesse may hap to be abused, let me entreat you a little now and then to looke to that which I counsell you: keepe your purse hoarily, and your credit charily, your reputation valiantly, and your hono^r carefully: for your friends, as you finde them vse them: for your loue, let it bee secret in the bestowing, and discreet in the placing: for, if fancy be wanton, wit will be a foole: scoone not Ladies, for they are woorthy to be loued: but make not lous to many, lest thou bee loued of none: if thou hast a fauour, be not proud of thy fortune, lest thinke it discretion to conceale a contentment: goe neate, but not gay, lest it argue a lightnesse, and take heed of lauish expence, lest it begger thy state: play little, and lose not much, vse exercise, but make no toile of a pleasure: Read much, but dull not thy braine, and conferre, but with the wise, so shalt thou get vnderstanding. Pride is a kinde of copnesse, which is a little too womanish: & common familiarity is too neere the Clowne for a Courtier. But carry thy selfe euen that thou fall on neither side: so will the wise commend thee, and the better sort affect thee, but let me not be tedious, lest it may perhaps offend thee: and therefore as I liue, let it suffice I loue thee. And so wishing thee as much good as thou canst desire to bee wished, in praier for thy health, and hope of thy happinesse, so my utmost power I rest in affectionate good will,

Thine euer assured, H. K.

His Answer.

Sweet Cousin, I thinke you haue either some Court in the Countrey, or else you haue studied the Courtier, that you can set downe such rules as are no lesse woorthy the reading, then obseruing: belesus mee they shall be my best leisures studies, and in my daily courtes my counsellors, my sollicitors in lone, & my Judges in hono^r, my guides in great

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test hopes, and my admonitoꝝ in greatest dangers: foꝝ your paines in them I thanke you, and foꝝ your kindeſſe I loue you: your care of me I ſee by them, and will not vnkindly forget them, I muſt confeſſe, I finde Courtiers cloſe people, and Ladies ſtrange creatures, and loue ſo idle an humoꝝ, that I am affraid to loſe time in it, but the better by your aduice, I hope to carry a hand ouer it. Foꝝ apparell, I will keepe my ſtint, and care foꝝ no fond faſhion. And foꝝ exerciſe, nature is ſo giuen to eaſe: that good qualities are almoſt out of vs: as foꝝ vertue, poore Lady ſhe is ſcarce able to liue with her penſion: but foꝝ ſtudy, I haue little time ſo much company with: draweth me: and foꝝ a booke next the Bible, your Letter ſhall be my Library. And thus ſmiling at ſuch Gules, as think no grace but a gay coat, noꝝ wit, but in a ſtale jeſt, noting many a begger like a King, and many a Lord like a poore Gentleman, ſeeing the truth of Solomon in his concluſion of all earthly comforts, that all vnder the Sun is vanity, meaning not to be a ſeruant to a baſe humoꝝ, noꝝ to reach higher then I may hold faſt: in thankful kindeſſe foꝝ thy careful letter, and faithfull affection to thy woꝝthy ſelfe, wiſhing thee ſo neere me, that I might neuer be from thee, I reſt,

Thine what mine owne, N B.

A mournfull Letter to a Brother.

God brother, the miſery of my vncomfoꝝtable life, the croſſe-
neſſe of my cruell fortune, and the vnkindeſſe of my vnnaturall
kin, haue made me ſo weary of this woꝝld, that I long foꝝ nothing but
my lateſt holwer, and yet loath to deſpaire of Gods mercies, willing to
take any good courſe foꝝ my commoditie, I haue of late bene perſwa-
ded by ſome of experience in their iournies into thoſe parts, that my tra-
uel into the Low-Countries, would be much to my benefit, as well
foꝝ the language, as foꝝ my ſkill in ſuch traficke as I would make
uſe of in thoſe places: but my ſtate being ſo downe the winde, that I
know not how to ſet ſaile vp in the weather, hauing no ſtocke to lay
out, to giue me hope to bring in, I wil euen ſet vp my reſt vpon the
reſolution of fortune, and thruſt my ſelfe into ſome place of ſeruiſe in
the warres, where I will either winne the Horſe, oꝝ loſe the Saddle:
if I die mercy is my comfort: if I liue deſert is my hope. But to the
helping forth of this my ſorloꝝne ſpirit, good Brother put to your hel-
ping hand, aſſuring your ſelfe that I wil not liue to be vngratefull: foꝝ

as

as my heart loueth, my soule shall pray for you, and when I haue time to see, I will be no stranger vnto you. And thus agreed to charge, neuer more meaning to trouble you, beseeching God to enable me to requite you, in the true lous of a naturall brother, I rest,

Yours as mine owne, M.S.

His Answer.

Dear brother, as I grieue at your crosses, so I would as willingly procure your comforts. But my state much inferior to my will, makes me unable to satisfie your expectation: and yet would I hurt my selfe rather then you should perish: for you shall receiue by this bearer what I may, and more, as I shall be better able. But touching your courses for the low Countries, I feare your trafficke will be but little gaine, full, the warrs to eate by the wealth of the Country: and for your intent touching Armes, I feare your forwardnesse is too great for your experience. Yet so farre doe I allow of your noble resolutions herein, as I would lesse grieue to heare of your honourable death abroad, then see your discontented life at home: and therefore for winning the Horse, or losing the Saddle, leaue that to Gods blessing, who will bestow honoꝝ as it shall please his diuine prouidence: but good brother, haue patience with thy crosses: attend mercy for thy comfort, and haue a care of home, howsoeuer thou farest abroad: I know thy minde is great, but take heed of prides, lest it be a barre to all thy preferment, & ouerthrow all thy honour: I see thou art weary of the world, make then thy way towards heauen, that God, who hath tryed thee with calamities, may blesse thee with eternal comforts: in hope whereof, willing in all I can to helpe, praying heartily for thee, with mine vnfaigned hearts loue, vnto the Lord of Heauen I leaue thee.

Your louing Brother, D.S.

To a Minister in behalfe of a sicke friend.

Sir,

Though it hath euer beene my study to furnish my selfe with constancy against the disastrous infortunities of this life, yet I could not but bee much moued out of the tendernesse of my loue, with the newes of our friend Master Goddards debilitie, And assure you, sickness hath not so vehemently seized on his body, but sorrow hath as violently attached my heart, for the recognition of his many sauaours,
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so liberally though undeservedly bestowed upon me, makes me to participate in his griefe, as if it were mine alone: Since it would be rudenesse in me now to trouble him, I haue diuered my Letters vnto you, and beseech you (seeing in all mens opinions the time is come that he must put off his mortalitie, and passe through death as through a gate into euerlasting life) to put him in minde to belvaile his misdeeds, and to begge remission of his sins with pouring out of his teares, which are so gracious in heauen, that euery sin is washed away with such a flood, and no words spring after such a rain. But happily it is a superfluous care in me to set a spurre in your side and to pricke you on, who are forward enough of your selfe to performe all holy offices that can be in one of your coate required: therefore if sorrow haue bene a bad dictatoz to my pen, beare with the boldnesse of

Your mournfull friend, E.F.

A Letter of a Jealous husband to his wife.

V Ife, in as much kindnesse as I can, I advise you to leaue such courses, as are neither to your credit, nor my contentment: you know, much company caueth many occasions of idle speeches, and young men are not in these daies giuen to speake the best of their kind friends: trifles and toys were better refused then accepted, and time idly spent brings but beggerie: as a worse blot: of all the Birds in the field, I loue not a Cuckoe in my house: truly I doe not dissemble with you, your light behauiour doth much dislike me, and how glad I would be to haue it reformed, you shall know, when I shall see it: shall I make you fine to please another, and displease my selfe: shall I leaue you my house, to make an hospitalitie of ill fellowship: sit me not with the scoule: howsoeuer you feed your selfe with a soule humour: shake off such acquaintance as gain you nothing but discredit, and make much of him that must as well winter as summer you: Look to your house, haue a Motherlie care euer your Children, set your Seruants to worke, & haue an eye to the mathe chance: leaue tattling Gossips, idle Whistlers, vaine-headed Fellowshipes and needlesse charge, so God will blesse, and the world will thrive with you, your Neighbours speake well, and I shall truly loue you. And thus hoping that you will, by this my secret admonition, haue a care of your good carriage, I rest in hope of your well doing,

Your louing husband, T.P.

Her

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Her cunning Answer.

Husband, with as much patience as I can, I haue read ouer your vnwise Letter, wherein jealousie keepes such a stir, that I owe noth but laugh at such idlenesse: much company driues away idle thoughts, and for feales it is good to be affraid of Wad-I-Wait: All thoughts beget ill speeches, and an old dog bites sozer then a yong Whelp: for begger, let it fall vpon the sloathfull, I know how to worke for my liuing: and for blots, speake to Scriblers, for I haue no skill in writing. Now for the Bird, to answer you with the Beall: I thinke a Calse in a Closet is as ill as a Cuckoe in a Cage: If I were fullen, you woulde sure suspect my humour, and doe you mislike my merrý behauiour: Well, your conceit may be desquimed, in being so wroghfully informed, to haue me so suddenly reformed: my finenesse is your countenance, and my conversation your credit: and therefore doe you shake off your lolesie Jealousie, I will make choise of better company: your house will stand fast if it fall not, and your children quieter then their father: your seruants earne their wages, and the maine chance is riched well enough: Women must talke when they met, and men not be scozned, though not entertained: and he that keepeth a house, must seeke to defray the charge: and so hoping that you will leaue your jealousie, and thinke of some matter of moze worth, as carefull of my cariage, as you of your credit, meaning to doe as well as I can, without your teaching, and as well as if you were at home, I rest,

Your too much louing wife, H.P.

A Letter of kinde complements to a friend.

Kindest of friends, where I loue much I speake little, for affection hath small pleasure in ceremonies: your kindnesse I haue some, my desert I dare not speake of, lest it moze offend my selfe to thinke on, then you to looke on: but since you haue made mee happy in your acquaintance, let me not too long lacke your company: for though I linc among many good neighbours, yet doe I much want the comfort of so good a friend, by whom I should not onely gaine the vse of time, but finde the profit of my desire: which toyning issue with your humours, cannot but so concurre with your contentment that if there be a paradise on the earth, I hope to find it in the fair pages of our loues, which growe

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bed on vertue, and growing in kindnesse, cannot choise but be blessedly
fruitfull. In bziefe, till I see you, I will mourne, and if not the sooner,
I shall languish: for my wishing and want cannot bee satisfied with ab-
sence, hasten therefore your coming, and make your owne welcome:
for what I haue or am, enter into the roll of your possession, where, in the
fræhold of my loue, I assure the substance of my life. And so leauing com-
plements to tongue & spirits, in the truth of an honest heart I rest,

Yours as you doe, and shall euer know, N.B.

His Answer.

Sir, I haue receiued your kind Letter, and I find you very fine at
your corner: you will speake and say nothing: bee eloquent in plain-
nesse: but you must not speake in the clouds to them that are acquainted
with the Person: and say what you will, I must believe of my selfe as I
list, for indeed, I know mine owne vnworthinesse of your commendati-
on, in which, I will rather beare with your affection, then be conceited
with your opinion. Yet not to be either disdainfull or vngatefull, be not
so farre deceiued in my disposition, that wherein my presence may plea-
sure you, I will answer you with my absence, no; long delay your ex-
pectation: for excuse is but cold kindnesse, and too much hast is not fit:
therefore as soone as I conveniently can, I assure you, you shall see mee,
and in full measure with your affection finde me, to the uttermost of my
power, rather in action then protestation, during life, in faire weather
or foule,

Yours as mine owne, W.R.

A Letter of loue to a Gentlewoman

Faire Mistresse, to court you with cloquence, were as ill as to grieue
you with fond tales: let it therefore please you rather to believe what
I write, then to note how I speake: for my heart being fired in your eyes
hath bowed my seruice to your beauty: in which finding reasons admira-
tion, I can thinke but of nature in her perfection: in which, being rauished
about it selfe, craueth of your fauour to be instructed by your kindnesse:
I meane no further then in the obedience to your commandment: for if
I be any thing my selfe, it shall be nothing more then yours, and lesse
then nothing, if not yours in all. I could commend you aboue the skies,
compare you with the Sun, or set you among the stars, figure you with
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the Phoenix, imagine you a goddesse, but I will leane such weakē praising fictions and thinke you onely your selfe, whose vertuous beauty, and whole honourable discretion in the care of a little kindnesse is able to command the loue of the wise, and the labours of the honest, with the best of their inbeaours in the happinesse of your imployment to seeke the height of their fortune: thinke not therefore I flatter you in hope of fauour, but honoꝝ you in the desert of worthinesse: in which if you would vouchsafe to entertaine the seruice of my affection, what you shall finde in my loue I wil leane in your kindnesse to consider. In the care of which comfort, craving pardon to my presumption, I rest humbly and wholly

Yours deuoted to be commanded, E. W.

Her Answer.

Sir, I haue heard Scholers say, that it is Art to conceale Art, and that vnder a face of simplicitie is hidden much subtiltie: of which how silly women need to be afraid, I will leane to wise men to consider: and though I cannot in fine oꝝ fit tearmes, answer the curiositie of your writing, yet after a plaine and homely fashion, I will intreat you to accept of my writing, perfection and corruption cannot meet together in one subject, and therefore my imagined beauty, being but a shadow of deceit, beloue not your eyes, till they haue a better speculation: and for the inward parts of commendations, I am perswaded, that wit is not worth any thing that is done into admiration of nothing: onely this not unkindly to requit your good thoughts of little worth: leauing fictions to idle fancies, let me intreat you not mistake your figures, and to honoꝝ a better substance then my vnworthye selfe. And yet so farre to assure your desert of my contentment, that wherein I may conveniently scountermaile the care of your kindnesse, excuse my indiscretion if I faile of my desire: in which, wishing you more happinesse, then to be commanded by my vnworthinesse, I rest as I may,

Your louing poore friend, M. W.

A Letter of scorne to a coy dame.

Mistris Subbs, if you were but a little faire, I sae you would bee mighty proud: and had you but the wit of a Goose, you would surely

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ly hidde at the Gauder: but being with as bad qualittes as can be wished, as rich as a new shorne sheepe, I hope fortune is not so mad, as to blesse you further then the begger, It is not your holy day face put on after the ill fauoured fashion, can make your half nose but ugly in a true light, and but that you are exceedingly beholding to the Tailor, you might be set by for the signe of the Sea crabbs. Now, for your parentage to help out the hops of the rest: when the Tinkers sonne, and the Coblers daughter met vnder a hedge at the milking of a Bull, within forty weeks after, what sel out, you know. Now, not too plainly to lay open the foule members of a filthy Carcasse, but as patiently as I can to keep Decorum in your description, let me tell you, that all this and much more being true in your disgrace, I cannot chuse but maruell that you mourne not to death in imaginatton to thinke that a monster in nature can haue any grace in reason: but let it be as it is, I haue but lost a little breath in talking to a deafe eare, for I meane to take no more trauell to the subiect of so ill an obiect: and therefore meaning to make my farewell and beginning with you both at one instant, leauing you to loath your selfe, as one whom no creature can in be loue withall: forris that I euer saw you, and neuer more intending to trouble you, in recompence of your courtes entertainement, I rest in all kindnesse, this present, and alwaies,

Yours as much as may be, T.E.

Her Answer.

MAfter Wyldgoose, it is not your hussie tustie can make me afraid of your big lookes: for I saw the Play of Ancient Pistol, where a cracking Coward was well cudgeld for his knauery, your railing is so nere the Rascall, that I am almost ashamed to bestow so good a name as the Rogue on you: but for modesties sake, I will a little forbear you, and onely tell you, that a hanging looke and a hollow heart, a cunning wit, and a corrupt conscience, make you so fit a mate for the Demill, that there is no Christian will desire your companie: now for your state it is much on fortune, which brings many of your fellows to a deadly fall, when the paine of their heads is onely healed with the halter. And for your linage, when the Bearewards Apr, and the Hangmans Ponkey met together on a hay mough, what a whelp came out of such a litter, let all the world iudge, I say nothing. Now for your stumpy feet and your lame hand sitting kindly with your wzie necke,

who would not make of their eyes, that could endure the sight of such a picture: now, your wealth being but a few words, which you haue almost all spent in idle humors, hoping that the Toxtoise will not quarrell with the Crab, and that when you haue slept vpon your Ale, you will get a medicine for your madnesse, till the Wadbrocke tell you holn the Dalue, cocke hath caught you, leauing further to thinke on you, inoze then vtterly to loath you, glad that your entertainment was so much to your discontentment, In full measure with your malice I rest

Yours as you see, A W.

A Letter to a foule Dowdy.

Mistresse Ione Iuggle, I heare that you thinke your selfe faire, but you are much deceiued: for the Carriers oyle is but a course kinde of painting: and for wit, how far you are from vnderstanding, the wise can tell you. Now for qualities, where you learned them I know not, but if you could leaue them it were wel. I wonder not a little, what madnes hath possessed your bzaines, that you can make so much of your selfe: are your eyes your owne? or are they so scaled, they cannot see? get you to your prayers, & leaue making of loue: for age & euill fauour, had need to be helped with a good purse. I heare you study Pusicke: indeed when the Owle sings the Nightingale will hold her peace: but for shame, learne not to dance, for a barrell can but tumble: but would you vse a medicine for your teeth you might be the better to speake with in the morning: what ailes you to buy a fan, except it be to hide your face? and till your hands be whole, you shall weare but dogs leather for your gloves: in truth you abuse your selfe, that you keepe not your chamber, for none sees you but laughs at you, or at least loaths to looke on you: be therefore content to doe as I wish you, speak with none but by Attourney, leaue the Painter to better pictures, & rather grieue at nature for framing of you, then thinke of any thing that may help you: your goods best owne on me for my counsell, and make sute to death for your comfort. And thus hoping that being weary of your selfe, you will hasten to your graue, I end,

Yours as you see, H. I.

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Her answer.

Sir Morris Mallipart, you may thinke your selfe wise, but you doe not shew it: for railing words are the worst testimonies of a good wit, for good qualities, I thinke you know them not, nor can goe from the euill: but for madnesse, I thinke it setteth best with your humors: for the helpe whereof, it were good that you were let blood in the braine. But for it sight, who is so blind as bold Bayard, that will not see his owne folly: My prayers I will not forget to God, to blesse me from such seules spirits on the earth. And for loue, more then charitie, I hold you the farthest off in my thought: now knowing your pueritie, I wonder you will speake of a purse. As for an ill-fauored face, goe to Paris garden to your good brother: indeed your Croydon sanguine is a most pure complexion, but for your Tobacco, it is a good purge for your rhemm. For my fan, it keeps me sometimes from the sight of such a vizard as your good face: and for my hands, I keepe my nailes on my fingers, though you cannot keepe the haire on your head. For laughing at fooles, you are provided for a corcombe: and for loathing all ill countenances, let the hangman draw your picture. We therefore contented to be thus answered: Speake wisely, or hold your peace, and be not busie with your betters, lest you know the nature of had: I will: so hoping that you will be weary of the world, and that you will hang your selfe for a medicine, to heale your wits of a melancholly, I will bequeath you a halter vpon free coll, at your pleasure, and so I rest,

Your friend for such a matter, E.P.

A Letter for the Preferring of a Seruant.

Ik, knowing your necessary vse of a good seruant, and remembryng your late speech with mee touching such a matter, I thought good to commend vnto you in that behalfe, the bearer herrof, W.T. a man whose honest secrecie, and carefull diligence vpon a reasonable triall, will soon make prooue of his sufficiencie. His parentage is not base, nor his disposition vile, but in all parts exquisite as one of his place: such a one, as I am perswaded will fit your turne: if therefore at my request you will entertaine him, I doubt not but you will thanke mee for him: for I was glad I had so trusty a seruant to commend vnto you, and hope to heare he will much content you: and thus loath to trouble you with longer circumstances, leaving his service to your good

good regard, my loue to your like commandement, in affectionate good will, I rest

Yours euer assured, N B.

The answer.

SIR, I haue receiued both your Letter and the bearer, both which I will make much of for your sake: for in the one I will often see you, and in the other remember you: your commendation of him argueth your knowledge, a sufficient warrant for his worth, which I will as kindly and thankfully thinke on: his countenance I like well, and his speech better: for the performance of my expectation, I am the better perswaded of his discretion: when I see you, you shall know how I like him, in the meane time, he shall finde that I will loue him: and for all things necessarie for his present vse, I finde him sufficiently furnished: but if I finde his want, it shall be soon supplied. So thanking you for sending him, and wishing you had come with him, remaining your kinde debtor, till a good occasion of requitall, with my hearty commendations, I commit you to the Almighty,

Your very louing friend, R. V.

A Letter of counsell to a friend.

MY best approued and worthiest beloued Philo, I heare by some of late come from Venice, that some to be somewhat inward in thy acquaintance, that thou art of late fallen into an amorous humor, especially with a subject of too much unworthinesse: a newes, that, knowing thy spirit, I could hardly beleue, that vpon a solemne affirmation, I was sorry to heare: for Beauty without wealth is but a beggerly charme, and Honour without Vertue is but a little for a Title: Hath she a glibbe tongue: it is pittie she hath not a better wit: Is she witty: it is a sorrow it is not better bestowed: for the craft of one woman is the confusion of many a man: both these say she loues thee: beleue her not: nay, both she loue thee: regard her not: for it is a reuell of so little worth, as will giue but losse in the buying: I feared the Plague had taken hold of thy lodging, but thou art peppered with a world of infection: thy study is infected with idlenesse, thy braine with dizziness, and thy spirit with madnesse. I leaue these follies, thinke loue but a dreame, and beauty a shadow, and folly a witch, and repentance a miserie: wake out of thy sleepe and call thy wits together,

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bee not sotted with an humor, nor slave to thy selfe will: leaue courtling of a Curtezian, and keepe thy breath for a better blast: save thy purse for a better purpose, and spend thy time in more profit, let not the wise laugh at thee, and the honest lament thee: for my selfe, how I grieve for thee I would I could tell thee: but let thus much suffice thee, beleeme nothing that she saith, care for nothing that she doth, nor giue her any thing that she wants: see her, but to purge melancholy: talke with her, but to sharpen wit: giue her, but to be rid of her company, and vse her but according to her condition: so shalt thou haue a hand ouer those humors, that would haue a head ouer thy heart, & be Master ouer thy seruants, by the vertue of thy spirit: other wise, Will, hauing gotten the hyde in his teeth, will run away with the hyde, & Reason being cast off, may neuer sit well in the saddle, but toby doe I vse these perswasions for the remoue of thy passions: If thou be soundly in, thou wilt hard get out: if thou be but ouer-shoes, thou maist be saved from byolowing, whatsoeuer I heare, I hope the best: but to auoid the worst, I haue presumed out of my loue, to send thee the fruit of my affection. In which if my care may doe thee comfort, I shall thinke it a great part of my happinesse: howsoeuer it be, I comit the consideration to thy kindness. And so till I heare from thee, which I daily long for, I rest

Thine as mine owne, N.B.

His answer.

Gentle Millo, I haue receiued thy most kinde and carefull Letter, a messenger of thy most honest loue, who hath told me no lesse then I wholly beleue: that loue in idlenesse, is the very entrance to madnesse: but yet though I will thinke on thy counsell, giue me leaue a little, to goe along with conceit: wherefoze let me tell thee my opinion. We. wty with out wealth is little worth, but being a riches in it selfe, how can it bee poorly valued: and Honour being but the state of vertue, how can you plucke a tittle out of her Title: the tongue is the instrument of wit, and wut the appouer of discretion: where, if reason be grased, Nature may be admired: now for words, they haue their substance, and Leue is not to be abused: for it is a Jewell well knowne, that is worthy of his price: infections are euery where, and ielousie a most cruell plague: but rid thy selfe of that disease, and feare not my health in the other: re-

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conceit

conceit is a kinde of dizziness which is soe to mented then with idleness is troubled with too strong a madnesse: but he that is unwise, had need be reformed, and he that laughs at an imperfection, may fall himselfe upon the foole: now soe a mad Dreame, or an imagined witch, conceited sleep, or an intreated waking, I must confesse they are pretty humors, and will thinke of their errors: now soe soting and slavery, and soe courting in knauerie, be per swaded that time will imploy my purse to better purpose, then grieue not soe me, but onely loue me, and let that suffice thee: and soe thine aduice in seeing, talking, and giuing, feare not the Word. I. Will of my folly: soe he that is master of himselfe shall not need his Mistresse, & therefore he that cannot ride, let him leaue the saddle: soe, Reason hath a power ouer Will, where Will is but a seruant to Nature: in the case of faintie of which course, intending so to lay my hands on my heart, that I will feare no hoznes on my head, with many thanks soe thy kind perswasions, hoping thou wilt take no exceptions at my contradictions, intreating thee to beleue of me no more then thou needest, and to loue me as thou doest, in the faith of that affection that holds thee deare to my loue, I rest during life

Thine obliged and deuoted, W.B

A Letter of comfort to a Sister in sorrow.

DEARE Sister, I heard lately of your husbands departure soe the Indies, when with no little sorrow I considered your heauie case: in which, finding his want to be grieuous, and your friends cold in comfort: I could not chosse, without unkindnesse, but remember these few lines of my loue vnto you: I know your state is weake, how faire sooner you make your weather, but the more is your patience worthy of honour that can so noble conceale your discontentments: soe my selfe I would I were able to do you good: but what I haue or can procure, shall not faile to doe you pleasure, but if your mind be too great to sleepe, to be beholding, what I am able to doe, take as a duty in my brothers loue: good sister therefore be of good cheere, & put your care vpon me, I will see you often, & loue you euer: soe a Creature of your worthinesse is seldom found in your Sere, that soe her husbands loue will adventure the state of her liuing: your children are not many, but such as are shall be mine, and you to me as my selfe: take therefore as little thought, and as much comfort as you can, no doubt but god that tryeth his seruants wil blesse them, hope thee of my brothers

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chers happie returne, and til he come, command me: shortly, God willing you shall see me: in the meane time let me intreat you kindly to accept this tittle token of my greater loue, which is but assurance of the beginning of my affections neuer ending, in which predicament of true friendship, I rest euer assured

Your louing Sister, E.W.

Her answer.

Sweet Sister: I haue receiued your kind letter, and louing token, for both which I am your thankfull debtoz, but touching my husband, though his wants were grievous, yet to want him is my greatest sorrow, for in the stay of his loue was the stay of my living: I am sorry that you know my weaknesse: and with it but in strength to answer your kindnesse: but good Sister, though I am willing to conceale my crosses, to be beholding to so honourable a Spirit, I count it not the least of my happiness. Wherefore though I had deuoted my selfe to solitarinesse in his absence, your company shall be to me a light in darknesse, and noting the nature of your kindnesse, will euer be beholding to your loue: come then to me when you will, and command what you will, for I will be as good as you will: my children are my woordes, eyes, & my hearts jewels, in whose face I would behold their fathers, in whose loue I would spend my life: so in a merry goe sorry, grieving for his absence, and wishing your presence, praying for his happy return, your health, and mine owne patience, that in too much passion of affection, I fall not upon indiscretion, with most hearty thankfull loue I commend my selfe to your commandment.

Yours affectionately bound, E.G.

A Letter of loue to a faire Mistresse.

Faire Mistresse, to trouble you with a long circumstance, I might perhaps feare you with the losse of time, and to make an end ere I begin, might argue little care in my conceit: but to auoid both superstitions, let me a little intreat you with patience to peruse, in a few wordes, the summe of a long tale, in which the truth of Lene, to the latest houre of death, protesteth the joy of his life but the fruit of your fauour, of which the thought of his unworthinesse doth too much shew his unhappiness. Time makes me too brieue, but in your wisdome is my hope of vnderstanding, that in my triall you may trust me, and

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by desert esteems me, in which, if I deceiue your expectation, let me bin in the miserie of your disdain. Thus not to flatter you with a faire stile in the Rate of your worthy commendation, beseeching to be commended by the kinde care of your discretion, in the hands of aboyned seruice, I humbly rest

Yours alwaies assured, R.O.

The Answer.

Sir, as I would be loath to be thought proud, I would as vnwillingly be found idle: either to beloue too well of my selfe, or not to haue a respect of others: Truth is seldom masked with smooth words, and loue is not hied, but vpon great contentment: your liking may be greater then my desert, and so alter vpon a better consideration: but mistake not your happinesse in my fauours vnworthinesse, where the best of my commendement may be the best of your contentment. Your consideration of time may excuse my shortnesse of writing: where, in a word you may vnderstand that indeed I intend, that truth is honourable in loue, and vertue the sayrest joy in affection, in which, if I doe not misconstrue your conceit I will answer the care of your kindnesse: in which, according to the due of desert, you shal finde the effects of your desire. And so for this time I rest

Your poore friend, A.Q.

A Letter of counsell from a kinde Father.

Care thou must not from your father looke for a flattering loue nor take it unkindly that I giue you warning of what may preiudice your good. Aboue all things serue God, & keepe a cleare conscience, passe not the limits of allegiance, nor build Castles in the aire: conuers not with scellies, for you shall lose your time, take heed of knaues, for there is much to be feared in them, and beware of drunkennesse, for it is a beaully humour: I haue heard you are much giuen to Alchimy, it is a great charge to many, and profiteth few, imploy your time so, that you lose not by the bargaine: what a griefe is it to want, I pray God you neuer know, and therefore eschew prodigalitie, which quickly makes a poore man. I haue sent you an hundred crownes, well may you vse them, and when you need any more send to me for them. After the terme the vacation will call thee into the Country, where knowing thy fathers house, thou must make thine owne welcome, till when and allwaies I will

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will pray for thee, that God will bleſſe thee, that I may haue joy in thee,

Your louing father, H.W.

A Kinde answer of a louing Sonne.

My beare Father, as I will not flatter my ſelfe with your loue, ſo I cannot but toy in your kindneſſe, whoſe careful counſel within the compaſſe of ſo few wordes, I will locke vp in my heart as my beſt ſetwell, for to ſerue God is the duty of a Chriſtian: and no longer let me lye then in the care of that ſomfozt. A cleare Conſcience I finde like a Sanctuary where the ſoule may take a ſafe place of reſt. To paſſe the limits of Allegiance merits the loſſe of life. And to build caſtles in the aire, they are but mad mens imaginations. Foles cannot vnderſtand me, and knaues will but trouble me. For drunkenneſſe neuer doubt me, for it is moſt loathſome in my nature. For your crownes I humbly thanke you, and hope to beſtow them to your liking. Touching Alchymie, I heare much, but beleue little: but I wil not waſt your land to make a new metall. The Vacation is nere: I will not be long from you: where finding you well ſhall be my beſt welcome. So praying for your long health and hearts euer happineſſe, in all humble thanks I take my leaue,

Your obedient Sonne, R.W.

A Merchants Letter to his Factor.

As I haue repoſed truſt in your care, I looke for your perſeuerance of my credit: your abilitie in managing ſuch matters as I haue committed to your charge, I make no doubt of: and therefore hoping in your diſcretion to heare of my repeated contentment, I wil looke by your next Letters to heare of the ſumme of my deſire, in the meane time let me tell you, that I ſent you foure ſcore broad Cloaths, & thirtie Kerſies, with other ſuch commodities as I thinke fit for your ſale in thoſe parts. I pray you make your beſt market, & take heed to whom you credit: for as I heare there are men reputed of great wealth, in ſuſpitiſ of playing bankrupts: haue therefore the more care of your buſineſſe, your travels ſhal not be vniſidered. Your French wines I heare this yeare are very ſmall, & your Gaſcoigne wines be very deare, pines cheape: but you know your markets, & I hope you wil haue care of your money, for it is

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hardly come by, as this world goes, both much in great matters: if there be any newes of worth, acquaint me with them, and in any wise doe not trouble me with vntruths. Your Cousin tels me that you are in good regard with the Gouvernor: for certaine cloaths that you lately bestowed on him: he told me the cause, and therefore I commend your discretion: for sometimes it is better to giue them to saue. In summe, let this suffice you without further circumstance, you haue my loue and my purse, I pray haue a care of them both. So till I heare from you, I rest

Your loving Master, T P.

His Answer.

Sir, I beseech you mistrust not your trust, nor haue any feare of my care: for hauing both your loue & your purse, how can the one let me forget the other? So, sir, be you assured, howsoeuer Bankers play banquerout, pawnes will deceiue no credit: And touching such affaires as I haue in charge, doubt not of my dispatch. Your Cloaths I haue received: and like them very well: your Rerzies are very good, I would you had sent more of them, for they are much in request and well sold. I haue by good happe, met with an hundred tunne of Calcaigne Ellines upon a good market, as you may knowe by my note: Dunes are good, and good cheape, and therefore I haue sent you greater stoze of them: on the flats you shall finde the Marke, with two letters of your name. By the next Poste you shall heare what I need: in the meane time hauing no intelligence of worth, loath to trouble you with trifles, glad to performe that duty, that your kindnesse hath bound me to, wishing to liue no longer then discharge the office of an honest care, praying for your long health and euertasting happinesse, I humbly take my leaue,

Your faithfull seruant, M. W.

A Letter of Challenge.

My words are so many, as may no longer bee digested, and your excuses so idle, as I will henceforth despise them, for your words are but winde, and therefore I am wearie of them: and if you be not so cold in complexion, that you dare not maintain your reputation, make me to morrow early in the morning, in some fields a mile out of towne, and bring with you such Armes as you ordinarily carry: assigne your place & houre, and faile not your appointment

ment, that God the Judge, of right, may determine, of our wrongs, and the point of the sword may put a period to our discourses. Thus having blowne over an idle paper with a few last words of my intent, answer me as I expect, or heare of me as it will fall out, in'haste,

Your enimie till death, T P.

The Answer.

What you haue written to mee, I returne vpon your selfe, as loth to lose time in answer of such idlenes: if you durst goe alone I would goe with you; but let it suffice you, that I know you, and therefore meane not to trust you: but bring a friend with you, and I am ready for you: come to my lodging as early as you will, and though I would be loath to break a sleep for you, yet I wil take a little paine, to answer you: as for the field we will cast lots for the place, where God & a good Conscience will quickly determine the quarrell: but I feare the point of the sword will make a comma to your cunning, which if it doe, you shall find what will follow. And so leauing further words, wishing you to be as good as your word, I end,

Yours as you mine, T.W.

A Letter to a friend for newes.

Cousin, I know, you that liue abroad in the world, cannot but heare of newes every day, which we in the Country would be glad now and then to be acquainted with: your labor will not be much in writing, and for your kindnesse it shall not be vnr equited: we heare much murmuring of many things, but little truth of any thing: but from you that know, I would be glad to learne. There is a speech among some idle Astronomers, that the man in the Moon hath fallen in love with a Starre, and walking through the Clouds, was almost drowned in the water: and that the Dumblers of the Forest haue spoiled a number of blacke Cornes, so that Rabbits are growne so deare, that a poore man may be glad of a peece of Button. It is said here with vs in these parts, that you in the Citie are much troubled with a new disease: truly we haue reasonable good health, but that there are such plagues in diuers houses, what with shrewd wines and bad Husbands, Rabbies Children & wicked seruants, that many a honest man cannot liue in quiet with his neighbours.

Though

Though the ~~topping~~ be not very forward, yet there is great increase of things, especially of Children, which how they may answer the Law, I wil not greatly stand upon. Thus having no matter of moment, where-with at this time to trouble you, intreating you that I may shortly heare from you, I rest in much affection

Assuredly yours, RQ

His Answer.

My good cousin, to answer your kinde letter, if there were any thing here worth the writing, I would not have been so long silent. But such are the currents in these places, as are either not worth the noting or better concealed then written: for love in youth is full of idleness, and malice in age is so malicious, that Vertue is so hid in corners, that there is little or nothing spoken of her account. For the man in the Poone I leave him to wait on the Sunne: but if he have a mind to any Stars, I leave him to follow that Dyle light: for his waterie Clement, since it is all in clouds, let it hang in the Aire, I will not meddle with the thing Astronomie, For Conies I am no Warrener, therefore let them that have the keeping of the grounds, looke to their games, I have small sport in such idleness, but for a pece of Spur on, a young Lambe is worth five old Conies, and he that is not glad of such a featt, let him fast for his dinner. For our new diseases, it is with many men in the head, and women in the tongue, Seruants grow great Libertines, and Children are sick of the Parents, and for Neighbours, there is so much love in the Streets, that there is almost none in the houses: and therefore besides other ordinary diseases, we want no plagues to make us to looke into our sinnes: but God amend all, for one will scarce mend another. And therefore intreating you to have patience with me til the next week, when you shall heare of the best newes that come to my hands, I rest in all bounden good will,

Yours as much as may be, T.V

A dissuasive from marriage.

Sweet Cousin, I am sorry to heare, that being so well at ease, you shall cozen your selfe of quiet: and for want of a worlds Hell, you will put your selfe in Purgatory with a wife: but if it may be that I speake in time, heare what I say, If she be faire it may breed Jealousie:

lousie: if foule, dislike and change: if rich, take heed of pride: if poore, misery: if young, beware the wanton: if old, take heed of the Woldam: if wise, she will gouern thee: if foolish, fret thee: how deare soeuer she loues thee, she will sometime or other, either crosse thee, or crowne thee: and therefore if thou wilt be ruled by a friend, let neither old nor young, faire nor foule trouble thee, belene me, as I haue read, these are the properties of most wiues, to weaken strength, to trouble wit, to empty purses, and to breed humors. But if I be deceiued in my reading, and mine authoꝝ in his writing, either in altering your course, or pꝛomising your comfort, tell me your mind when we meet. Til when, wishing the continuance of that quiet whercoꝝ you now liue, or the true contentment of the best loue: lea- uing to your owne discretion the managing of your affection, I com- mit you to the Almighty.

Thine what mine owne, N.B.

His answer.

Good Cousin, I finde your kindnesse aboue your knowledge, in mistaking Paradise for Purgatory: for, a wife is the wealth of the mind, and the welfare of the heart: where the best judgement of rea- son findes discretions contentment. Day be, is a doubt: but what is, must be regarded: in which sense I am pleased. Where Youth with Beautie, and Wit with Vertue hath power to command, there kindnesse must obey. Pouertie I feare not, and wealth I seeke not, but it sufficeth me to seeke no other fortune for the summe of my woꝝlles happinesse: where the auoiding of euil, and the hope of good, makes me know moze comfort then you are able to conceiue, til you enter in that course, wherein the fog of loue is the second blessednesse of this life. What shall I say, but that I know not what to say to expꝛesse the perfection of this pleasure, which puts downe all idle imaginations: From which hoping to see thee remo- ued when I see thee, till then and euer, I rest,

Thine as thou knowest. D.E.

A kinde Letter of a Creditor for money.

Sir, I pray you take it not unkindly, that I write thus earnest- ly vnto you: for moze necessity then will hath bzged me to it, my money

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money

money is not so much, as you well able to discharge it: my losses by Sea and ill Creditors by land, make me straine courtship with my friends, for their helpe in an extremitie, yet doe I desire nothing but my due, but as I was ready to lend, I would be glad to receive with that fulnesse of good wil, that may continue our kindnesse. I write not this as doubting your discretion, but to intreat your patience, if your purse be not in tune: for were I as I have beene, and hope to be, I can rather beare too long: then ask too soone, especially of so good a friend as I have allwaies found of your selfe. Consider therefore of my case, and in your kindnesse answer mee. Time is precious, and therefore lest by disappointment I be dis-furnished, and so perhaps discredited, I pray you, speed your answer: which, how soever, shall be welcome: and therefore earnestly intreating you to help me now, that I may the better quite your kindnesse hereafter, with many thanks for your great favours, which cannot be forgotten to be deserved: I take my leave further at this time to trouble you, but will rest in what I shall be able euer to pleasure you, to make you know how much I love you.

Your loving friend, T.R.

The Debtors answer.

Sir, your request is so reasonable, and your kindnesse so much, that for a greater matter then you demand, if my purse were not in tune, I would straine my credit very farre for you, beare then a little with my forgetfullnesse of the Day, and thinke it not trouble to my patience to be put in mind of my credit: your Sea losses I am sorry for, and wish your recovery by Land. Debtors that will not pay, make Creditors they cannot lend: but for my selfe, to make you know how much interest you have in my affection, let me tell you, that though by some unexpected expences, I am short of my hoped reckoning, yet upon the receipt of your letter, I have bene thus carefull for you, your money I have sent you, and as much more for so long time I will lend you: which you shall receive of this bearer, and in my letter the day of payment: which if it may pleasure you so much as I wish you, I am glad I had it for you: howsoever I fall out, use it to your owne discretion, and so far be allwaies assured of my love, that my word & deed shall be all one in your comfort. And so leaving ceremonious complements, in unsatined good wil, I rest allwaies as my uttermost power,

Yours as mine owne, D.W.

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A Letter of newes.

To performe my promise in my last letter, my kind and best wishes you shall vnderstand of such occurrents, as I heare goe current and for Gith: I heare there are certaine old people that speake much of Prophecies, where they set it downe for a certaine rule, that this yeare, and many to come, he that wants money in his purse, and a friend in the Court, may walke in the Country, and picke strawes, for his comfort: for the Law is very dangerous for begging, and Charity is so cold, that the poore must starue, rather then the rich will want. Old men shall neuer be yong againe in this world, and beauty in a yong Woman will not let her know her selfe: honesty without wit will die on the ffoole, & craft without credit will labour to little purpose. In summe, there will be a great Plague among the Poore, with lacke of honesty: but it may be nature may alter her course in many things, and Prophecies may fall out in contrarieties. Whosoener it be, welcome that come in Gods name: and so hoping thou louest no legerdemaine, nor wilt be led away with blind Prophecies, writing this onely for exercise of a merry humour, I rest,

Thine what mine, P.R

The Answer.

Such idle Prophets as you meet with, haue such kinde of matter as you write of: but let the world wag as it list, there is not a truer wag in the world then thy selfe: and were it not that I feare my Letter would come to light, I would answer you in your kind. But to be short let me tell you, that Lawes are good to take order with such Out-lawes, as after prodigality put themselves vpon charitie. And yet to crosse your rule of little experience, old men may haue yong humours, faire Melanches put wise men to their wits, and honesty may thine with a meane trade, when a crafty knaue may lose by his cunning broking. As for the plague, I feare it is neuer from you: for if neighbours agree, yet their wittes may fall out: and while the poore fret, the rich frowne, there is little hope of health, where the world is so out of quiet. And therefore hoping that you haue wit enough to beware the knaue & the ffoole, and to make your choise of the best company, wishing your continuance of your good humour, with thanks for your waggish Letter, I rest in our old league,

Yours as mine owne, R.B.

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A Letter perswading to Mariage.

DEare Cousin, I doe not a little wonder at your solitary life, and more at your little care to match your selfe in mariage with some Virgine worthie your loue: wil you leaue the world without memory of your name: your inheritance to no issue of your owne hono?: and runne a course of twittle comfort? He thinketh that your knowledge of the diuersities of varieties should settle your content vpon some speciall vertue: what if some women be aged: some are youtiful: and some froiward: other may be kinde: and some wanton: there are better stayed: and some Gallaine: some are louing: and is there none can fit your humour? God forbid: the law of Nature, the law of Reason, the Law of God both will it, that lone breeds increase by a vertuous coniunction, which cannot be perfoirmed without the honour of this course. Bastards will be witnes of their Parents wickednesse, when naturall Childzen are the joy of their Fathers: and a true louing Wife is worth a thousand wilde walkers: her care in the House, her kindnesse at the Table, and her comfort in the Bed, are pleasures better conceined then exprest: fall then aboard with such a Bird, as you may hold for your Phoenix, and thinke thy mind at best libertie, when it is free from the bonds of folly. In fine, let me intreat thee to make thy house a home, thy Wife thy worlds loue, and thy childzen, thy earths joy: which, as I hope thou wilt be glad to haue, I shall be glad to see. For good speed whercof, in hearty prayers I rest,

Your louing Cousin R.W.

His Answer.

My kinde Cousin, I see you are better read then experienced: for Watchelozs Times, and Bairdens Childzen are pretty things to play withall: but he that knowes many dangers, will take heed of all. A Wife is an euerlasting substance, which if it be not of the better nature is a perillous thing to meddle withall: for if it catch hold of the hands, it may put the Heart to sore paine: and the Phoenix is such a figure, as if I must finde her in a Woman, I feare me I must seeke a great way for her. For the lates that you speake of, I yeeld to Truth: but none is so nice an humo?, that he seldome settles in a place: for Bastards I loue not the breed: and better childzen wil doe wel when they come: For Bed and Board and those tricks, let them toy in them that haue them: where I find time I will thinke on them: in the miane time, moze at quiet in
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my lodging with a friend, then, perhaps I may be at home with a wife, not forswearing Parriage, no: posting to Purgatory instead of mistaken Paradise, wishing thy prayers for my better happines then Louers idlenesse, and if I doe marry, to be kindly matched, I rest,

Thine euers mine owne, D.L.

A Letter of vnkindnesse, vpon a denyall of a Courtisie.

If my defects had not exceeded my desire, I would haue hated the nature of my humoz, which loues nothing lesse then to be too much beholding: my request was not much, and the grant but easie, howsoeuer for ill fashion the excuse may be cunningly framed: but though I conceiue vnkindnesse in this course, I can rather grieve then be angry, for I will mistrust my wit, till I see too much of my sorrow, and loue my friend though I be plaine with his patience: be content therefore rather to let me tel you of my discontent, then to couer dissimulation and to wish your better regard of my affection which in denying a trifle may lose a greater benefit: but not to goe too farre in impatience, let me thus grow to an end: Friendship once grounded is not easily remoued: and therefore being assured of my love, beare with my dislike, and wherein I may better pleasure you, doubt not the ill requitall of vnkindnesse, for I can chide and not be angry, and better loue you, then tell you so. And so intreating your reasonable answer for my satisfaction, I rest, all displeasure set apart,

Your louing friend, N.S.

His Answer.

Your humorous kinde of writing puts me to study for an answer, for your anger without cause, may moue cause of anger: you know you might command what I am, and will you haue more: Conceit may be deceiued, and so kindnesse abused, and suspicion of impatience hath the least part of discretion. Excuses are idle among friends, and therefore words shall be deferred till our meeting: when, seeing our owne faulcs you wil not thinke amisse of your friend: Grieve not then without cause, no: be caried away with conceit, and as you know my nature, command my loue, which is farre from the thought to make a friend beholding, be not discontent with a deniall, till you haue better reason of displeasure:

but measure me with your selfe, and you shall find small cause of difference: if there be any, let kindnesse dispute it, reason confesse it, and patience heare it: so shall friends be themselves, and you and I shall not fall out. So hoping that you will satisfie your selfe with this answer, till we meet to talke further of the matter, I conclude with your kindnesse, and rest ever

Yours as you know, T.W.

A Letter to an vnthankfull person.

I have heard that a Prince sometime obtaining a punishment of all offences, lest ingratitude to the Gods to plague, as past mans power to punish enough: The tale may well be true, considering the vilenesse of such a nature, as I think the like liueth not in the shape of man. Couldst thou not onely forget, but abuse my kindnesse, and so make a monster of a wicked shadow: I could not haue believed it, had not I too well proved it. But I wish you could leaue that humor, lest it make a loathsome basenesse, yet will I learne to know the condition of so much vilenesse and as well warne my friends from an enemy, as further abuse mine owne wit with so mistaking of a friend. In brieft therefore let me tell you, as I know you I regard you: and as I sound you, I leaue you, as one fit, if there lacked a Card to be put into the stocke for a wicked helpe. And so sorry to haue lost so much time to write to you, I wish, all the world that knowes you to hate you.

Your enemy from the heart, D.M.

His Answer.

How strangely men will write whom impatience hath put out of order. A good turne is lost when it is cast in the receivers teeth, and abuse misconceiued can hardly be well excused, consider better of what is done, then wrong the meaning of a good mind, and you shall find without excuse no true cause of displeasure. If the information of malice, haue moued choler without indgement, proue men must endure the miserie of euill fortune. Against my selfe I will confesse nothing, but referre time to decide all doubts, when truth shall shew the differences betwixt a shadow and a better substance. So leauing ill humors to like minds, & good thoughts to better natures, hoping to find you your selfe, which will be farre

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far enough from that you write, in spite of the Deuill, I commit you to God, and so I rest,

Your friend whether you will or no, D R.

A Letter to laugh at after the o'ld fashion
of loue to a Maid.

After my hearty commendations, trusting in God that you are in good health as I was at the writing hereof, with my Father & my Mother, my Brothers and Sisters, and all my good friends, thanks be to God. The cause of my writing to you at this time, is that, Margery, I doe heare since my coming from Wakefield, when you know what talke we had together at the signe of the blue Cuckoe, and how you did giue me your hand, and sweare that you would not forsake me for all the world: and how you made me buy a Ring and a Heart, that cost me eighte pence, which I left with you, and you gaue me a Rapkin to weare in my Hat, I thanke you, which I will weare to my dying day. And I maruell if it be true as I heare, that you haue altered your mind, & are made sure to my neighbour Hoglins younger Son. Truly Margery you doe not well in so doing, and God will plague you for it: and I hope I shall liue, and if I neuer haue you: for there are moze maids th'n Maulkin and I count my selfe worth the whistling after. And therefore praying you to write me your answer by this bearer my friend, touching the truth of all how the matter stands with you, I commit you to God, from Callowgreene,

Your true loue, R.P.

Her answer.

Truely, Roger, I did not looke for such a Letter from your hands, I would you should know I scorned it: haue I gotten my Fathers, and Mothers ill will for you, to be so bled at your hands? I perceiue, and if you be so jealous already, you would bee somewhat another day. I am glad I find you, that you can belæue any thing of mee: but it is no matter, I care not, send me my Rapkin, and you shall haue your Ring and your Heart, for I can haue enow if I neuer see you more: for there are moze Watchelozs then Roger, and my penay

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is as good liuer as yours, and therefore seeing you are so lustie, euen put
 vp your pipes for I will haue no more to doe with you: And so vnlay-
 ing all that euer hath bene said betwixt vs, make your chaise where you
 list, I know where to be beloued, and so I end, from Wakefield,

M R.

From a Father to his Son; aduising
 againit suretiship.

My Son, I hope so well of your disposition, that you will not un-
 kindly concein of that which in loue I write, for such is the nature
 of my affection, as I had rather be vnderstood in carefull aduising you
 for your good, then sound winking at your ill. It is told me, which I am
 sorry to heare, but would be more aggriued to believe, that you are very
 ready in writing your name vnder Bills and Obligations: by which as
 well for your owne idle expences, as to pleasure others, in hurting your
 selfe, you begin to take vp so fast, that I feare you will be so low taken
 downe, that you will hardly euer rise againe. Beware me Sonne, sureti-
 ship is a prying enemy to good nature, which may sooner pay thee, then
 receiue one: and therefore among other things that I would haue you to
 take heed of, let suretiship be one of the chiefest: what you can spare your
 friend, deny him not, but as you loue your liberty, beware of sealing & de-
 liuering, play is but losse of time that might be better imployed, for the
 gaine is but vngracious, & the losse is often grievous: & therefore vse it
 little, and rather for company then pleasure. Dancing I allow of: but let
 not your legs sling away your wit in walking your wealth: sped by mea-
 sure, howsoever your musick make you dance. Be carefull of thy speech,
 thristy in thy expence, wary of thy company, & iealous of thy friend: serue
 God, and feare not the Demill: what thou needest let me know, & in the
 care of my counsell, let me see thy loue: of which hauing no doubt, & there-
 fore wishing thee all good, desires thoxly to heare from thee, I rest,

Your loving father. T.W.

The Answer.

My deare Father, farre be it from my heart to haue an unkinde
 thought of so kinde a Father, in whose good advise resteth the
 most part of my worldly happinesse: what you haue heard, I beseech
 you

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you to beléue of me : I haue sene in others so great mischief and miserie to ensue vpon Suretiship, that I will with neuer to write, then to subscribe to my ruine. For so few pay their owne debts, and so many pay for others, till they haue nothing to pay for their owne, that who keepe my friendship for that end, shall misse of my loue in another : and therefore feare not what you heare, but beléue what I say: touching Play, I loue not to trouble my braine with idlenesse, nor lose time in the abuse of hope: for Dancing, as it is an exercise that I doe not dislike, so it is not so much my delight but I can rather leaue it then loue it: but for my expenses, feare not so much my little care of your charge, nor lesse regard of your loue, in which, vnder Heauen, holting my hearts chiefe happinesse, in prayer for your health, and hearts ease, I take my leaue.

Your obedient Sonne, T.W.

To a friend familiar.

Having little matter wherewith to entertaine your expectation, I haue bene enforced to study for nothing. By this bearer I know you looke to heare from mee, and to salute you with silence, were a cold commendation : Let it therefore suffice to heare of my health, and the good passages of all the proceedings touching your Law causes: where in if my loue faint in labour, I will leaue to be my selfe : ere it be long I shal haue occasion to come nere you, when a few miles shal not be much out of my way to see you, when if your Falcons be in tune, I shall be glad to see a sight: so soone as conueniently you may, I pray you let me heare from you : and if you come to the Colone, let my house bee your Inn, where making your owne welcome, I hope we shall be merry. And thus for want of matter, briefer then I would be, I commend my loue to your kindnesse, and so rest allwayer,

Your assured louing friend M.P

The Answer.

He that hath his wits at commandement, needeth little to study, and therefore being prouided of intention, a little matter will serue the turne : if of nothing you make so much, what would you doe of a little more? Thus I write, to meet with your honour, which in silence speaks more, then he who talks much to lesse purpose : In brieft, for your kinde Letter I thanke you: for your care of my businesse I will haue

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care of you and for your selfe onely I loue you. If you haue occasion to come downe, vse my house as your owne: my Falcon hath kild a Partridge, but of her flight I will make no brage, but when you come, you shal see sport, that I am perswaded will like you: in the meane time glad to heare of your health, the continuance whereof I heartily pray for, wishing as soone as conveniently I may, to see you, that wee may try a Course with our Greyhounds for a fat Bucke: Having now no matter of import wherewith to trouble you, with my most hearty commendations, I commit you to the Almighty.

Your very louing friend, C.K.

To a familiar friend.

Either paper is scant, your affaires are great, or your spirit is lazy, that in so many weekes, I haue not heard from you so much as how doe you. The cause I would be glad to know, so it be not such as I shall be sorry to heare, that either lacke of health or libertie be not the cause of your silence: I pray you therefore mend this little fault in friendship, to cease the trouble of imagination: and in a sufficient excuse set my thoughts at quiet, which being much discompered through doubt of your health, I haue sent this bearer on purpose vnto you: whom I beseech you in all loue returne to me with all speed. Besides we haue none worth the waiting, & therefore knowing your spirit desirous not to be troubled with toyes, in that hearty loue that holds you as deare as my life, wishing no greater worlds comfort then in the continuall inioying of your happy company: hoping shortly to see you here, which can be no sooner then long wished, and shall be euer most welcome, in the vnfained affection of a true friend, I rest,

Yours as mine owne, N.B.

The answer.

I Perceiue it true, that I haue often heard, that loue is not without jealousies, but as fearefull of hurt, as carefull of good: but to put you out of all doubts that may be some disquiet to your wished rest, let it suffice you to know my health is as you left it, I thinke God for it: my affaires are not much, but I could salute my friend, nor my spirit so lazy, but I could write a letter to my so much beloned, and to excuse my silence, let me tell you, that the last weeke I wrote vnto you by your Fathers Bailiffe, who

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who, I maruell, hath not deliuered it ere this time: in that letter you shall find my mind touching your suit in Court, which, I feare, if it be tedious, will proue moze chargeable then commodious: but obseruing a good course, a good opportunitie may be prosperous: in my letter I haue written at full vnto you, wherein, I hope, you will cleare all suspicion of any fault in my silence, and expect my coming downe ere it be long: in the meane time with hearty thanks for all kindnesse, without any further noblelike complements, I rest,

Yours as mine owne, R.B.

A Loue Letter.

Fairest Mistresse, if vpon so small conference, words may haue credit, that shall not lue whose fauour shall command moze of my seruice: for such is the vnfaigned affection, in which I haue deuoted my selfe to your imployment, that if there be a heauen in this world, I will seeke that Paradise, but in your kindnesse. Think not that I seeke with eloquence to creepe into your good opinion, for I had rather be then seeme to be, him that you will I shall be: for such being your worthinesse of far moze honor, then the seruice of my affectio, misstrall not his truth, who hateth the thought of dissimulation, & witheth no greater happinesse then in the honor of your Commandement: for loving but you, being fauoured by you I cannot be happy but in you. To Court you with flattery is too common a folly, and to bribe your kindnesse were a conceit of basenesse: but to auoide your seruice, let be the duty of loue, which from my heart to your eyes bee a messenger of my true thoughts, who with all their might, to my uttermost pover, haue coniuured me in true seruice,

Yours onely and wholly, H.W.

The answer.

Good Sir, to abuse your kindnesse, were as vngacious, as to admit your seruice might be dangerous: and therefore not vnthankfull for your offer, giue me leaue to consider of the acceptation: a sudden passion holds not, and a first view may be deceitfull: lead not then your heart by your eyes, to the hurt of your spirit, and seeke not happinesse in commandement where liberty is so much contentment: liking may be short of loue, and fauour may be mistaken in the true felicitie, but if truth haue denoted your loue, honour will be the reward of your seruice,

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which if you shall proffer to one more worthy, you shall make your selfe the more happy: for my selfe I will thinke the best, till I finde the contrary: but to auoid the worst, blame me not to be carefull: a good beginning, with a better proceeding, promisseth a blessed ending: which wishing you in all those courses, where truth is honourable in all her actions, hauing no occasion of your employment, in a friendly title of commendement, ready to acquite that kindnesse that is honourable in construction, I rest as I finde cause,

Your louing friend M.R.

To a familiar friend.

Having so fit a messenger, I could not let him passe without some remembrance of my loue vnto you: wherein if I may any waies pleasure you, I will be readier to performe it then speake it: touching such things as you wrote vnto me by the Carrier, I haue taken such order for them, as I hope will be to your content, not a little glad that I had so good opportunity to speake with the parties, so sone vpon your Letter: I assure you, I found them as tractable as you could wish. I haue stayed all causes till your comming to Colone, when I hope to bring all matters to a good end: I haue sent you by this Bearer a Handlet of Hacke, I hope not of the worst, howsoeuer it be, I wish it better then it is, I pray you take it in good part, and write mee word how you like it, that I may either thank my Trintner or change him: newes here are none but old, or false: and therefore onely wishing you al happinesse, with my hearty commendations to your selfe, & to your good bedfellow, I commit you to the Almighty. London this tenth of Iuly. 1633.

Your louing friend, T.W.

An answer.

I haue receiued your kind Letter and friendly Token, for both which, with many other good fauours, I most heartily thanke you: and for your care of my businesse, bee you assured it shall not be forgotten. I will be at London if I can, within this month, when you shall rule me in all things as you list: I am glad you haue spoken with them, and hope by your good meanes to haue a peace after a long warre: if it had not bene for mine Aunt, I had bene with you the last weeke, but as sone as I am sound, I intend to see you: in the meane time in requitall of your Hacke,

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Sacke, I haue sent you a fat Doe, which if it prove like your wine, I am sure it will passe with warrant: as it is, I commend it to your kindnesse, and my selfe to your commandement: and so hoping of your good health, which I pray for as mine owne, with thanks to your Wife for my Banbury Cheese, for which, I haue sent her a pound of Pepper that she wrote to me for: readie in what may lie in our power to pleasure either any one, or both of you as one: I take my leaue at this time, but rest alwaies,
Gawthorpe Dec. 22. 1633.

Your poore friend, M.R.

A Letter of loue to a faire Mistris.

Wthet Ladie, if the reach of my capacitie could climbe the hope of your fauour, it should bee a strange piece of seruice that I should refuse at your commandement: but, when I thinke vpon your Noblenesse, and then behold mine owne vnworthinesse, I can but swallow vp those sighes, and dare speake nothing of my loue: and yet when I know that the eyes of hono^r regard vertue in no little grace, in the seruice of hono^r, I can feare no ill fortune: in the nature of which humblenesse, throwing my heart into your hands, at the fete of your fauour laying the height of my hopes happinesse, till occasion of imployment, and euer deuoted to your commandement, I rest without rest, till I may euer onely and wholly rest

Yours, in all I am, or not to be my selfe at all, D.G.

Her answer.

Wth I haue heard it of the wise, thus, If Hope climbe to hono^r, Merit is a good hold, whose seruice the most noble doe most fauourably entertaine: in the nature of which humo^r if your affections be grounded, haue no feare of fortune, howsoeuer enuy be your enemy. Wtho speaks all in saying nothing, may vnderstand an answer by the like reason, and thinke that hand vnworthy honour, that will not kindly regard the heart of loue: leaue then the sighes of feare to the faithlesse, and swallow not a Cudgin in a dreamie, but as you finde cause of hono^r, so performe either your loue or seruice, which too good for an vnworthy, reserve for your bet-

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ter fortune: And so in the best sort of kindnesse, ready to requite your good meaning, I rest in what I may,

Your assured friend, T.N. §

Robert to Margerie his Sweet-heart.

MArgerie, I haue receiued your snappish Letter, whereby I see you are moze angry, then I thought you would haue bene for a mis-wozd of two, but I hope to mend what is amisse: for I see I was too blame: for now I find the knauery of the woꝛld, I will looke a little better to my selfe: for it was your Cousins doing to deuise lies, to set you and me out, but if you will be ruled by me, wee will meet with them well enough: vpon Friday I will meet you at the market: where we will haue a Cake and a Pot, at the Pickerill and the Spurre, there we will strike vp a bargaine, that will not be broken in half: and so sorry with all my heart that I haue done as I haue done: sending thee twenty kisses by my sister Parnell, and this belovd Groat for a Leue token, I rest,

Yours from all the world, R.O.

Her answer.

O Roger, the woꝛld is well amended: I thought you were misused, to wꝛite to me as you did: but friends are nere so farre out, but they may be as far in againe: and therefore since it was against your will, I forgiue you with all my heart: I let my cousin doe his woꝛst, I le not goe from my woꝛd: on Friday I le meet you at ten of the clock, and bzing a peece of bacon in my pocket to relish a cup of Ale, when it shal goe hard if all hit right, but some body shall wipe their nose for their knauery, and so Roger, hoping that you will no moze abuse me as you haue done, to beleeue lies and tales of me, till you know the truth, treading all vnkindnesse vnder foot, I rest, with all my heart, as I was and will be euer,

Yours as you know, M.R.

From a Yeoman in the Country, to his
Sonne in London.

Son, you know what charge I haue been at with you, as well in bzing-
sing you vp to London, as in furnishing you for your preferment: all
which

which I hope you will haue such care of, that I shal not thinke any thing lost that I haue done for you: in any wise serue God, please your Father, & be carefull of such things as you are put in trust with, be rather an example of good then of euill, & haue patience with all things, hotoeuer you are crost in your expectation: beware of euill company, and Whorde, and Drunkenesse, and take heed of following faire women. I shall be glad to heare well of you, and as I see you thirsty, you shal find me kind, your master is an honest man: and a good trade is gainfull: but, I hope, I shall not need to be too earnest in aduising thee for thy welfare. God, who hath created thee, I hope, will so bleesse thee, that I shall haue joy of thee: and for my selfe, with my blessing, I haue sent thee here inclosed a token of my loue: use it to thy good: shortly, God willing, thou shalt heare further from me: in the meane time and cuer, I rest,

Your loving father, T.N.

An answer of the Sonne to the Father.

My good Father, I haue receiued your kind Letter and Token, for which I humbly thank you: and for such things as you wish me to haue care of, be you assured I will not be vnmindfull of: for my Father, I thank God, he putteth me in trust moze then I will speake, & bleth me so kindly, that I were a Jew if I should deceiue him: but my Distresse is so perillous a woman, that if she be displeased, there is no quiet with her: but all the house may learne patience of my Father: and therefore I will feed her humour, and let her haue her saying: for Women, when I meane to wiae, I will take choise: and for euil company, I hope, God wil bleesse me out of such as are not for my good: and therefore feare not but I hope one day to giue you cause to think all well bestowed that you haue, or will lay out for me: I haue sent you by this Bearer a hawking bag, my Mother a paire of Cloues, and my sister a Girle: my Father hath him heartily commended vnto you & to my Mother: and desires you to send him vp a good Cheefe, which he will requite: he hath sent my Mother a pound of Sugar, and giueth her thanks for her fine Pdings: this is all that at this time I haue to write vnto you, and therefore beseeching your blessing, praying to God for your health and long life, with my humble duty to you and my good mother, and commendations to all my friends, I commit you to the Almighty.

London.

Your louing sonne, V.N.

To

To a Wife in the Country.

God Wife in all kindnesse I commit me to thy selfe, assuring thee, that I thinke it long till I haue dispatched my businesse, and am at home againe: But I hope of good successe in my suite, for my Counsell doth warrant my case cleere: Upon Friday next I shall haue triall, which I doubt not will goe on my side: if it doe not, my thought is taken, for I thanke God I can liue without it, though I would be loth to lose it. My health, I thanke God, I haue well, and pray for the same to thee and thine. I pray you send me by twenty pounds by this Bearer, with all speed, and within five dayes after the dispatch of my businesse, erpea my comming downe: In the meane time kisse my little Babes for me, to whom with thy selfe, I send my hearts hoping commendations, and so in haste I commit thee to the Almighty.

London,

Your very louing Husband, R.T.

Her answer.

Sweet heart, your Messengers haste makes me briefer than otherwise I would be, the good dispatch of your businesse I hope, & heartily pray for: your health I am glad of, and your returne cannot be so soone as wished for. Your money I haue sent by this Bearer. Your little ones with my selfe would be glad to see you, who doe not a little misse you for diuers causes too tedious at this time to trouble you withall: But in any wise remember your Girles Cawle, and your Boyes hat, which will not be a little welcome. But good Husband, make one end of another with it this Wearme, lest delaies and demurres, make you to spend more in it then it is worth: But you know what to doe better then I can aduise you: and therefore leauing it to your discretion, to doe what shall best please you, I commit you to God, and rest, in haste.

Chaulkley.

Your very louing wife, M.T.

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A Letter vpon ordinary causes.

SIr, it is giuen me to vnderstand by some that lately came from those parts, that in the Ilands there haue arrived of late, certaine Fishermen, that by a crosse wind, and sudden tempest, are driuen into your harbour: if it be true, and that they lie there for any time, I pray you faile me not to buy me a hundred of Ling, as much Haberdine and other fish, such as you think good: I would lay out a hundred pounds willingly: what you lay out, you shall vpon your Letter haue payed here in London, to whom you shall direct it: I haue sent downe by the Carrier a peece of board cloath, of the same colour wherof you wrote vnto me: I am assured it will be to your liking: if you need any more or any thing else that may lye in my power, I pray you make as bold of me, as any friend you haue, Cole-fish and poaze. John I haue no need of, & therefore hoping that you will husband my purse as a friend, with my hearty commendations, I commit you to the almighty. London this 8 of Nouember, 1633.

Your louing friend, M.R.

The Answer.

SIr, your Letter and peece of Cloth, I haue receiued, for which I heartily thanke you, for which you shall receiue money by my Cousin at Dice key, when it plea's you to send to him: but for the fishermen, indeed they put in for a night, but in the morning the wind came faire, and they put to sea againe: so that except a few Ling that they bestowed vpon our Bayoz and Bayliffs, for some fresh victuall that they had from vs, there was little bought here at this time: but we heare of them that shortly we shall haue a fleet come by vs, when, if there be any good to be done, I will not faile to befriend you to your content: in the meane time wishing any good occasion, wherein I might requite your kindnesse, in prayer for your health and hearts ease, I commit you to God: Yarmouth this 15 of December, 1633.

Yours assured to command, T.D.

A Letter to a friend for dispatch of businesse.

I Am bold to intreat your kindnesse, to stead me in what you may touching the purchase of the Hills and Hop-gardens, for which if your neighbour will take mine offer, I am for him, or else I must otherwise determine of my money that I haue reserved onely for that vse. I am offered great penny-worths in diuers places: but the ayze pleaseth
me

me well about that house, and the trouts in the little brookes have made me have a great mind to dwell thereabouts: if therefore you can bring him to my price, I will be beholding to you: if not, let me know his mind, and I am satisfied: for to tell you the troth, I would have it though it cost me more then it is worth, and so intreating you to doe me what good you can herein for which you shall not find me unthankfull, I rest,

Your loving friend, A.W.

The Answer.

I Received your Letter, dated the xij. of this moneth, whereby I understand your mind touching the lease of the two Dilles and Hopp-gar-dens: but I cannot bring it to passe one penny under the Summe, whereupon he tels me you were in a manner agreed: the man is hard but very honest: and the Land good, and lieth finely to the house: the Soyle is healthfull: and there is good store of Springs, besides, the River is not farre off, whereby you may have carriage weekly from the City upon a small reckoning: but use your discretion, the price you know, and mee you may commaund, but time would not be deferred, for there are many about it: and therefore leaving to your discretion, either to take it, or refuse it, with assurance of my helpe to the utmost my power, either in this or what else may pleasure you, I alwayes rest,

Yours as you know, T.D.

Letters of loue betwixt *Rinaldo* and *Lorina*.

Fairest of the world, and sweetest on the earth: the beautie of whose Feies puts the best wits to admiration: and the wisdome of whose government commands the honour of lones service: how should my amazed spirit hope of power to presume neere the happinesse of your fauor? So, Fortune is my cuer sworne enemy, and desert must take place in higher reach, then the longest arme of my unworthinesse: yet let me not be so depriued

deprived of Reason, that I may not looke into the nature of Vertue, where honor in kindnesse makes beauty Angelicall: but in the humility of affection to offer the imploiment of my service, in which if I faile the expectation of your affection, vpon the condemnation of insufficiency, let disgrace be my deadly punishment: where, in the Labyrinth of reproch I may languish all my dayes. But if the Fates be not too forward in crossing the inducours of my duty, be you gracious vnto loue, that hath wholly swozne me your seruant: with which title if I may be honored, I will see no other colozs of my comfort. But fearing your vnknewne occasions of affaires, I will not be tedious to your patience, but rest cure in my loue,

Your vowed, though not allowed servant, *Rinaldo.*

Her answer.

Wittiest of an hundred, & craftiest of a thousand: whose cleuence like enchantment, would take prisoner a weakes judgement. How should my simple capacitie conceiue the drift of your aduice? For time is but a fiction: and therefore it is no matter for her friendship, while desert hath a power in the preferment of duty, and loue in vertue giues an honour to beauty: where, if Reason be carefull, Affection may be joyfull. But leaue Angels to the heauens, and take heed of devils vpon earth which vnder the cloake of humility hide the head of ambition. Perfection hath no affinity with Corruption: and what the heauens determine, the world must indure. But in flattery of my perfection you haue deceived my expectation, who imagining you wile, am sorry to see the contrary: and if I might be iudge, the Law would quickly haue his course, where dissimulation appearing, should bee condemned to perpetuall disdaine: but hoping better of your honour then to wrong the simplicity of belofe let the patience of affection lead you out of the Labyrinth of sorrow, to the mountaine of that blisse, whose vertue may giue you grace, to the attainment whereof leaving your thoughts to their best issue, I rest, as I may,

Your friend *Loriana.*

A Reply.

The high honour of your Vertue, that from the merit of your graces flyeth through the world, so farre beyond same, as makes her amazed of her wonder, so dampeth the power of my spirit, that as an eye which is beholding the Sun, twinkleth with the lids for feare to lose the sight: so the humble eye of my heart, that in beholding the bright beames of your Sunnie beauty, trembling in feare by presumption to lose the life of lones hope, submitteth it selfe to the will of that power, which in pittie may save, or in fury may kill the life of that creature, who at the feet of your fauour hath laid the height of his felicity. Shew therefore the heavenly nature of that vertue, which may purchase you worthy honour: take not pleasure in destruction, th it may be gracious in comfort: but lead the heart by your eye, that haireth the light, but in your loue: where in the glasse of clearest grace, truth may see her beauty vnspotted: and honour in truths seruice, craves but the entertainment of imployment: in which, time shall confirme that care shall euer conclude: my thoughts shall be onely honored in your seruice, and my loue euer happy in your commendement: in hope wheresof, if I may, I will rest,

Yours euer, Rinaldo.

Her answer.

The low course in lones comfort that you take, to lead you into my liking, is so farre from the nature of good desert, that I know not whether silence were a fit answer to idleness, or reprehension a iust reward for indifferen: and therefore in doubt what to doe, pardon me, if I doe not as I should: or though an Idiot would admit no cause of danger yet courtisie is such law in nature, as is too great a friend to lone. Yet if I could chide and not be angry, I could wish you leaue a creeping climbing, lest you be thought a baser creature, then may stand with the honor of your condition. Leau a twinkling eye to Idlie sights, and figure not the Sun in the Cipher of a shadow: nor presume further then you may passe without feare: but in submission vse that discretion, that may maintain the reputation of affection: and be perswaded that Vertue cannot be vngracious, howsoeuer folly ruine vpon destruction: mine
ther

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ther is hatefull to nature, and loue is the ioy of reason: what then should trouble a good spirit that is possessed of no ill humour: but in the resolution of honour, to build the hope of his happinesse, and while colours are fittest for Painters, to march vnder the Ensigne of truth: where in the field of fame, Vertue carrieth the victorie: to the triall of which seruice leauing the happy euent of your aduentures, I rest as I may,

Your poore friend assured, Lorina.

A familiar Letter to a friend in the Country.

How neere ingratitude is to forgetfullnesse, I would be loth my silence should make profe, especially knowing the kind welcome of my vnworthy Letters: and therefore vnderstand you, that all things are here as you left them, health nothing impaired and our substance (if wee may so terme our worldly treasure) little diminished, but our mindes, though want of your company, not so merry as when you were with vs: for, the sly spirits of vnreasoned wits, who vnderstand no other wealth then their owne will, make time tedious, which (were it better exercised) would be more pleasing: and to tell you truth, were not buttes my better friends, I should be subject to much melancholy: but my Library, though but little, stands me in much good stead, in which if there be any booke that may pleasure you, I pray you make vse of it: and so soone as you well may, let me intreat your returne, and till then your often writing, that wee may ioy in our health, which as I hope of, I daily pray for: pleasures here are many, but so few true, or of any worth, that being as yet altogether vncertaine what to be loue, till I haue further certaine intelligence, I will craue pardon at this time, and rest allwayes

Your assured friend, A. T.

His Answer.

In reading your letter, then which nothing but your selfe can be more welcome, me thinks I see the meeting of two Louers in a morning,

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who

who surely dreaming of each other in their sleep, scarce well awake, came out with a kind of wonder, Oh Lord, how have you done since yesternight so may I say to you: it is not a full week since we were together, & shall we seare silence for so little a while? But what shal I say? It is a pleasing humour to sollicite loue, and a content to the minde to continue quietnesse, which for tune crossing in want of presence, wit can work in spite of absence, let then the muddy fish dwell in miry Lakes, and the better natures seek sweeter places: and for the Libary I will not make thee tealous of my loue, but let me tell thee, they are most sweet companions, and so for their owne sakes esteeme them: and though I loue them, yet will not I deprive thee of any of them: for an vnderstanding spirit they are a kinde of Paradise. Now for my health, I thanke God I need no Physicke, and for my purse, it hath bent enough for letting my money grow rusty: and for my mind, to tell thee truth, it is with God and thee: with whom I hope to be shortly, till when, and then, and euer, I rest,

Yours what mine thine, N.B.

A Letter from a Father to his Sonne
at the Vniuersity.

MY deare Sonne, as nothing can toy the heart of a Father more, then the obedience of a loving childe, so can there be nothing more gricuous then the stubborne spirit of an vngracious Sonne. I speake this to thee, knowing thy yeares and vnderstanding able to digest the consideration of my desire, which, in summe, is my toy in thy good. For, let me tell thee, my estate thou knowest, and how much I haue strained my credit for thy aduancement: to which, learning being a speedy & assured good meane, I would be glad to see my comfort in thy profit, in such fruits of thy study, as with the blessing of God may haue thy preferment, I am sorry to tell thee, that I heare thy diligence doth not answer my desire, & would gladly wish it otherwise: but I hope a kind admonition will suffice to worke a good nature: and therefore will rather hope the best then doubt the contrary: and in the loue of a father, let me intreat thee to auoid the company of a lewd fellow, as rather an enemy then a friend: the feminine sex are dangerous to affect: for as they wil be a losse of time, so with hinderance of study they will procure expence. The exercise of the body I admit for thy health, but let thy loue be in thy learning, else wilt thou neuer be good Scholler: for Desire and delight are the best

Hallers

Passers both of Art and Knowledge, while reason vertuous, makes vnderstanding gracious. And therefore not out of the bitter humour of displeasure, but the carefull nature of affection, I write vnto thee for thine owne good: and so praying to God for thee, whom I beseech daily to blesse thee, with my hearts lone, to the Lords blessing I leaue thee.

Thy loving father, H N.

An answer of the Sonne to the Father.

After the bands of humble duty, my good father, I haue receiued your most kinde and louing Letter, in which, how much Ioy I haue receiued, I cannot expresse: fearing rather your sharpe rebuke, then louing admonition: but God is himselfe, who can and doth worke moze in some natures with a kind chiding, then in some other with many stripes: I know you are not ignorant of the inclination of youth, and therefore doe thus kindly touch the hurt of vnheedfulnessse: for which how much I doe humbly thanke you, I hope my care of your counsell, in time, shall pleasingly tell you: therfore, for what ill you haue heard, grieue not: and of the good you may heare, doubt not: and beleue me, for I will not abuse your trust, what vanity sooner I haue seemed to affect, my Booke hath borne the Burthe of my loue: in which, how much I will labour, and from which what profit I will gather, your hope shall see in the effect of Gods blessing, without the which, how dangerous are diuers studies to the vnderstanding of vngenerous spirits, I would it were not knowne in any, and pray God that none may know it in me: my preferment I leaue to Gods pleasure who best knoweth how to dispose of his seruants: and for your contentment, that it may be in my obedience. Your health as my wols happinesse, I pray for: mine owne moderate exercise, with abstinence from erreffe, both with Gods blessing hold me in good state: and for the feminine sere, though I would be no hypocrite, yet I had rather read of them, then be acquainted with them: for I allow of your opinion touching them: and so hoping that ere long, you shall receiue as much content of my courses, as you haue euer doubted the contrary: in the duty of my humble loue I take my leaue for this time, but rest alwayes

Your obedient Sonne, T.N.

To

A Packet of Letters

To his deare and onely beloved Mistresse
Susan Pearle.

SWétest of my thoughts, and nearest of my loue, if Reason had the power to expresse the nature of my passion, I am perswaded that the eye of thy beauty would vouchsafe a kind looke vpon the heart of my loue, which continually languishing in the doubt of my affection, desirerh not to liue, but in the comfort of thy kindnesse: loath I am with ceremonious eloquence to moue suspicion of truth: and yet an Orient Pearle would be set in pure gold: grosse speeches fit not fine spirits: and for your selfe, I will rather honoꝝ then flatter you: and if I may serue you, I will so well deserue of you, that I will lay the hope of my worlds happinesse, vpon the honour of your fauour: setting aside all care of other contentment: I haue vtqueathed my life to your loue: in which, if I faile in the truth of your trust, let me receiue the reward of your disgrace: which being moze trefull then death can be, let me but intreat your admittien of my seruice, beloued of my loue, and regard of my triall: which be it in body, or in mind, shal haue no rest, but in your pleasure. What shall I say: but time is pretious, and delayed patience in Passion most grievous: hasten therefore I beseech you, the hope of my desire, in the happinesse of your commandement, and let no cloud of mistrust barre me the light of your loue, which being on this earth the onely bright Starre that leads me to my worlds heauen, let me liue as in death, til I may reuiue in this comfort: in hope whereof, and desire of which, laying the head of my fortune at the feet of your honoꝝ, I rest with little rest, till I may fully and wholly rest,

Yours onely and all, or mine owne nothing at all, T. I.

FINIS.

A P O S T E
VVITH A P A C -
K E T O F M A D
L E T T E R S.



L O N D O N,
Printed for *John Marriot.*



TO THE READER.



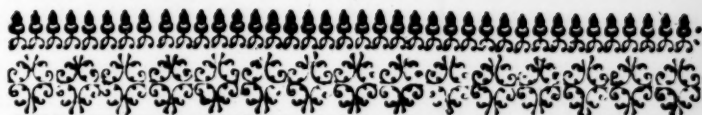
Reader, I know not what you are, and therefore I cannot well tell what to say: onely this at adventure: if you be wise, you will not play the foole in scoffing at that which perhaps may deserve a better countenance: if you be not wise, I can but pray for your better understanding; howsoever you be, I will hope the best of you, that you will think of my Worke as it deserves, which is as much as I desire. If you get any good by it, thanke me for it: if hurt, thanke your selfe for your abuse of that might serve you better. This is all I can and will at this time say unto you: my intent was to pleasure many, and you may be one of them: and to hurt none at all, and therefore not you. So leaving my Booke to your liking, as it falleth out, I rest as I have reason,

Your Friend,

Nicholas Breton.

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A POSTE VVITH A
PACKET OF MAD
LETTERS.

A Letter betweene the Knight R.M.
and the Lady E.R.

Faire Lady,



What should be that spirit, which through the instinct
of loue vnderstandeth the silence of truth, whose tongue
is the heart, whose words are sighes, in which are hid-
den the secret fruites of those Trees, that onely grow in
the Paradise of reason: Touch as then, faire eye,
more bright then the Sunne beames, with one splendent glance of
your gracious fauour, to blesse this rude and untowzth Paper, the
which if it haue made you any way offended, in the fire consume it:
but if through the power of the fates, or the effect of your kindnesse,
it may doe you the least pleasure, let him be metamorphosed to towse
then nothing, that would be any thing, but that Letter, during your
reading, or ever any other thing, then at your pleasure in your ser-
uice, for that vnder heauen, hauing no cause of comfort, but in my
concealed hope of your grace, let all towlds sweet be as bitternesse to
my thought, that shall seeke sweetnesse in other sense: so looking for
no felicity but in the nest of the Phoenix, which is in the admiration
of honoz, in the humilitie of loue, I rest

Yours deuoted to be commanded, R.M.

13

Her

Her answer.

V V I sedome might well appeare in that heart, which could pierce into the conceit of that spirit, that with the figures of lone, deceiveth the sense of simplicitie: which not suspecting euill, finds seldome other substance. O poore truth, how is thy title made a shadow of deceit: while in seeking of Paradise, folly falls into Hell: yet not to wrong any creature, happy may he live that makes faith his felicitie, and pardoned be that Paper that does but his Watters message: let then sighes be buried in the death of forgetfullnesse, while silence understandeth that vertue speaketh: and in the fire of that flame, whose heat is more felt then sene, be that Letter burned that offends me with pleasure: so assuring my selfe, that if from the nest of the Phoenix you passe without a feather, either the figure will be a Cypher, or the fancy affection: so leaving your best thoughts to a blessed issue, I rest affectionately,

Yours in what I may, E.R.

His reply.

V V I woorthy should that heart bee of the least of lones happinesse, that can haue power to giue place to the payson of Deceit: and more then miserable were the life, that to Hell makes such a passage. Oh blessed Creature, doe not thinke the world to be the Cause of the accursed. Nor doe a wrong to lone, in the suspicion of truth: simple Faith hath no feare, and true lone cannot faine: but if silence bee the onely answer of the expectation of comfort, hope in obscurenesse must seeke the happinesse of desire: but let not fancy bee a Cypher, when Faith knowes no fiation: but let your fauour be the feather in the nest of my honours Phoenix: which till I may kindly receive, I shall in the Sun-beames of your beauty consume to the ashes of discontent, in which, commending the summe of my life, to the true and honourable seruice of lone, I rest,

Yours what mine owne, R.M.

The

The Answer.

Vagracions is that spirit, that through suspicion of Deceit, doth iniury to loue: and blessed is that fancie, that liues onely by faith: sweet is the warre, where kindnesse ends the quarrell, and little the hurt, where hope is a most present and readie helpe: in brieve, they are blind traucellers, that in seeking to find Heauen, goe to Hell: and if Loue be himselfe, he hath life in assurance: let it then suffice you, to find the due of Desert, where desire exceeds not limits of Reason: so, in the nature of that honour, that giues Vertue her best grace, commending the comfort of your care to the condition of your conceit, I rest, as I haue occasion to equall honour in true affection,

Yours as I find cause, E.R

A merry Letter from a conceited friend
to his like familiar.

Honestie, I hope I am in the right, except the great Wind haue blowne cleane away your best wit: giue me leaue, (spight of your teeth, to tel you that I loue you, and lest I should grow deafe, I would be glad to heare of you: and therfore hauing a fit messenger I thought it not amisse to write, not for any thing I haue to say, but that while I thinke on you, you should see I doe not forget you: for though complements are but idle, yet they make words instead of other matter. Now to the purpose, you shall vnderstand, that at the writing hereof, a sudden occasion of businesse made me make an end ere I had begun, and therefore intending to write I know not what, to abridge my conceit I know not how: but hoping that you are wise enough to thinke what you list, I will onely pray for you, that being in as good health as I left you, as soone as conveniently you can, I may meet with you, when, and where it shall please you: for as you know, I am for you in all kindnesse to quite you, and so to him that made you, ener to blesse and keepe you, with my hearty commendations I leaue you.

Yours what mine owne, N.B.

AN

An answer to the same.

Merry Gigge, I am sure I am not in the tozong, except the
Suns radiant beames haue dried vp your braines since I left
you: Let me, so; I will tell you, that in my loue I out leape you, and
will not be so idle, as not to answer you, that my senses doe not so
faile me, but that I vnderstand you, and hauing no better company,
would be glad to be troubled with you: so; you haue not a kind
thought wherein I doe not quarrell with you, whether is of moze
force in the nature of true friendship: which becau'e Fortune fauours
few scoles this yeare, wee must tarry longer to play our game: but
neuer too late to goe to an ill bargaine, so; now we doe but talke, our
Purses take no hurt, but when the Terme comes, that wee may
ioyne issue in our cause, I feare the Kings head in Fifth Street will
find vs too good Clyents: but all is well that ends well, except it were
bad in the beginning, as I thinke by this my Letter: so; being
troubled with IIs not tel you what, lest it should make you thinke I
care not what, I haue written what you may read, and doe as you see
cause, either to reply vpon imperfectio, or let it rest with a Non-plus:
and so not doubting you to be your selfe, and to put me in the number
of your second selfe, I rest to your selfe, and my selfe,

One allwaies Yours, H.W

A reply to the last letter, with some newes.

If you were as wise as I could wish you, I could take a little
paines to write vnto you: and yet so; that you vnderstand your
selfe, I care not if I trouble you with a little idleness. In the Pa-
rish of Saint Aste, at the signe of the Hobbi-horse, Paid Harrtan
and the ffoole fell together by the eares with the Piper: so; that had
not the good-man of the Debeter-Candlesticke set in so; the Bozils-
dance, the Day-gante had bene quite spoiled: but when the game
had gone round, and their braines were well warmed, their legges
grew so nimble, that their heeles went higher then their heads: but
in all this cold sweate, while ludy guts and his best beloued were
calking Shoxpes eyes at a Cods head, Hus and Cry came suddenly
tho; so

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thoſe the Streets. The Fore hath killed a tame Goſe : at the ſudden noiſe whereof the multitude were ſo ſcared , that all the Doyes dancers were diuided , and the ſoule ran home to your towne : but becauſe we haue ſome miſſe of him in our Pariſh , I pray you keepe him not too long with you : and ſo for lacke of better preſent occurrents , content your ſelfe with ſuch newes as the time affords you : hereafter you may haue better , till when , and alwaies , I reſt as you know,

Yours T. R.

An answer to the newes

If you were not more then halfe mad , you would not haue danced ſuch a Frenchmoe with your little wits , but yet ſince I gheſſe it is about the ſul of the moone , I wil hope ſhortly of your amendment : in the the meane time let me aduiſe you to take patience in your vnderſtanding , to direct you in a better courſe : for when you waked out of your dreame , you ſaw no body , but the man that you thought was runne to our towne , and he was putting you on a Coat with ſcure Elboes : for Hald Harrian , ~~the~~ I thinke , is troubled with you in her Creame-pot : but for the Hobbie-hoſe , alas , he hath forgot your turne. And therefore you ſhould do wel to make repaire to our Market. I thinke it wil be a Saints day , when if a naughtie Bird doe not croſſe the Fightingale , you ſhall heare ſome ſtrange muſicke about our Hedow-plot , and at the leaſt you ſhall heare the old Song that you were wont to like well of , ſung by the blacke bzowes with the cherrie-chooke , vnder the ſide of the pide Coto : Come line with me and be my Loue : you know the reſt , and ſo I reſt ,

Thine what mine, N. R.

Another Reply.

O Braue Oliuer , leaue me not behind you : you play the Merchant all the Wake , and make all whole upon the Holieday , you would be angry if you could tell how : and yet hauing the Cards

I

in

in your hand, you cannot choise but turne vp the Roodie: the matter is not great, that Taylo; that sitteth my Coate, hath made you many a Jacket, where if it were not for displeasing Jacke an Apes, I could make him fal out with his Workman, for acquainting you with his intention: but let this passe, and to a better purpose: my Neighbour and your good friend hath a welcome in stoze for you, and his eldest daughter would make you both a Husband and a Brother, her worth you know, and his wealth will doe no hurt: I should be glad of your good fortune, and you I thinke should play well at, be you pleased: and so much for the conjunction. Now for nelwes, I heare none of late, but that the Bayliffe of our hand;ed hath had a mischance, his Wife taking a blow that neuer smacked, he hath a paine in his head, that cannot be cured, for having no other Plaiſter but patience, is resolved to make good there with his friends, and finding him selfe alone, is content to make merry with good fellowes: this is all for this time, and so in haste I end,

Yours, N.B.

An answer.

When wit goes a wol-gathering, the thred of it may be fine if it be well spunne: I see you haue little to doe that haue so much leasure to play your Luripups: if I could meet you right, I would sit you a penny worth: but though I cannot pay you your due, I will not die in your debt, and though I play at Roodie, I will not take the Card out of your hand: for I know not how you can spare him: but leauing Gamblers to their trickes, and Jack-an-apes to his Donkie, let me tell you, that for your neighbour you are so neere him, that I need not to trouble him: and for his wealth and her worth, you know well enough what to doe with them: for my selfe, I loue not to shake hands with your Constable in the company of kinde fellowship, but yet not wronging an honest Welch, I will with her better fortune then my affliction: and so commending my selfe, I will assist thee with my good prayers, that the Bayliffe of the Hundred may find thee one among a thousand I meane to shake hands, but not heads with: and so in some little occasion of sudden business, I will here conclude for this time, and allwaies rest,

Thine, R.M.

To

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To my Honourable good Lord, my
Lord *Morafi*,

Right Honourable: to expresse unto your good Lordship the humble duty of my affection, I cannot better doe it, then by this Hearer: whom for many good parts fitting your Honors pleasure, I can well commend to your saunourable entertainement: for, as good Pastors are like black Swans, so such Seruants are choise Creatures: for a little matter of small moment will choise vp folly about the Clouds, while Tattle some ruines a course of a moze carefull temper: such I hope shall you find your Seruant, whose wit and conscience take such counsell in all his actions, that the judgements of good experience hold him woe: the good account: for my selfe, lest I may be partall, I will leaue his praise to your praise: and in hope of your contentment, only intreat your entertainement: shortly I hope to see you: till then perswaded that his seruice shall gaine him moze praise then my Idon, I will leaue his qualifications to your topall, and his seruice to your saunour, and so in infragible leu. rem. during life.

Yours assured in true affection, R.B

To my loving Cousin, T.W.
Justice of Peace.

Worthy Sir, I would be glad to write you selves of the dispatch of your businesse, but yet it will not be: for Lawyers being full of Elegance, cannot answer all men at once, and therefore considering your matter is a case of moze conscience then gaine, I must attend the leisure of your Counsellor, who as he is wise, I doubt not but will procure honour, and then a little time will be well bozne with, that brings a good heare at the last: your aduersary is full of money, & trudge by and do he like a horse, but I hope in stead of a Goose, he will be choaked with a feather: be ye you no feare nor care of it, for I doubt not to effect it to your content: and so much for your Law businesse. Now, for other matters, the occurrents of time are either so sinuolous or dangerous, that I thinke silence better blamed then babling: for though there be few Idaridges, yet there are many setters here in this Lotone, who listen for speech, intercept Letters, accuse the simple, and vnder the foolish: and therefore I had rather be silent with the Nightingale till Day, then prate like a Cuckoe out of season: yet for that you shall not
thinke

thinke me fearefull of sparrows-blaſting, I will write you a little newes. Tobacco is like to grow a great commoditie, for there is not an Officer nor a Lapſer, but will be at his whiffe of two, and uſe it as a ſhooring horſe to draw on a pot of Beere. Bottle Ale is more common then good, and yet deare enough, it is ſo taken up with the drunken crew. Cheeues are well warded, and yet beſides ſhove-groate Deaſters, there are ſome lookers now and then. Painting was neuer ſo common, and prettie cheape. And for Women, ſome goe like Anticks, ſome like Maſkers, ſome proudly ſober, and ſome like careleſſe reſolution, but ſome few like Angels: but they are too high for men, and therefore I leaue them to higher powers: now men are as intimes paſt: if young, hardly wiſe, though witty: if aged, wiſe: if wealtie, ſerued and honored: if poore at leaſt ſcorned, if not worſe uſed: if wiſe perhaps imploied: if ſolliſh, baſſed: this I ſay, For the moſt part, for ſome time, for ſome cauſe both youth, and age, and pouertie, and follie, are finely bozne withall: but for that this is rather an old obſeruation then any new matter, I will end my long Letter with neuer ending loue: and ſo in hope of your health commend you to the Almighty.

Your very loving Couſin, W. R.

To the right Honourable, his very good Lord.
the Lord *W. H.*

Right Honourable, your Nobleſſe neuer ceasing to bind my ſeruiſe to your kindneſſe, hath made me at this inſtant to preſume a little vpon your good fauour: So it is, my good Lord, that I am ſhortly to beſtow a Daughter of mine in marriage vpon a Gentleman of ſome worth, and according to our cuſtome, friends muſt be feaſted, when a Buckle of Meniſon is a grace to the whole ſeruiſe: your Honor ſhall much pleaſure me, and as often heretofore, giue me no little cauſe to be thankfull: my ſtate is not great, but my loue ſo farre aſſured, as wherein I may deſerue that I cannot requite, I faile of my hope, but I will diſcharge ſome part of my debt: and ſo not doubting your fauour to this my ſite for a Buckle: Beſeeching God to adde happineſſe to your good health, I humbly take my leaue,

Your honours in all humbleneſſe, R. S.

To

A Packet of Letters

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To his deare friend, Master F. R. at his
Lodging in the Temple.

My Noble friend, you wrote of late unto me for my opinion of your intent, and aduice for your course: which two points, I will touch as truly and fitly as I can. Your intent is to leave your Studie, and first to Court, and then to armes, but what hath altered your intent in Studie, to fall vpon an intent to strange courses: For your Bookes peaceably intreat of those things which you may finde disquiet in passing through. For, touching your first course, is it not better to reade of Princes, then to carrie their Crowns: You cannot scäle their burthens, except you haue their Cares. How full of perils are their pleasures: Yea how many instruments of mischief both the Deuill send into the World to crosse the courses of good Princes, that are leading their people to Heauen: And if they bee Wolues to their owne flockes, how safe is it to be farre from their Courts: Now, leauing good Princes to Gods blessing, and others to his amendment, goe a little to his Councell. Oh how great are the weight of their charges: And how many the natures of their troubles: Who if they all be of one kinde, and as it were one bodie of manie members, yet sometime a Toe, or a finger, a hand, or an Arme, a Tooth or an Eye, a Tongue, or an Ear, may perhaps, be out of temper, and so, that all the bodie, may be out of frame: say their wits are great through experience of place, and their powers great in the vertue of fauour, yet withall, when experience is put to a new Studie, prouidence must trie the power of wit with no little trouble, and when pleasures hold in power, loue hath no place in seruilitie: and when power rests vpon fauour, what is the feare of fortune: And further, is not the care of a common-wealth, a continuall toile of wit: Power a dangerous step to pride, hatefull in the highest eyes: and fortune vnfaithfull in all her fauours: Rather read thou the laudible carriage of their courses in the seruice of kings, then seke in Court to see their kindly courses. For God onely knoweth their consciences, themselues onely their care, and thou canst not know their crosses. But leauing them to their honorable proceedings, goe a little lower to the Ladies, and what shalt thou see: Either a Creature like an Angel, if vertuous: or worse them a woman, if vicious: perhaps thou shalt see painting spoile a good complexion, or deceiue a simple eye-sight: heare out of a fine presence, a fond spirit speake idle, and

perhaps, an idle wit play the *Wanton*. Now, what art thou benefited, by all this? Abuse thine eye with a picture, offend thine eare by folly, or lose thy time in idlenesse. Were it not better for thee to read the fiction of *Venus*, then to be a *Servant* to *Vanitie*? And to laugh at fancy, then to follow folly? Yea, say there be a *Phoenix* among *Birds*, if her nest be too high, take heed of climbing, for feare of a fall: take heed of the *Object* that makes an *Abiect* of a *Subject*. But looke aside at the *Attendants*, what shall you see? *Cost* and *Courtshie*, long service, painefull duty, hope of fauour, with feare of displeasure, a great *Varuett*, many *Labourers*, and few *Gainers*, and it must be so: for desires are many but deserts few, and therefore they haue little. In summe a *Prince* thou canst neuer be, a *Counsellor* neuer thinke to be: *Ladies* are lovely, but beauty is costly: and the charge of attendance may bring hope to assurance. In my opinion therefore, thy intent is not good, and thy proceeding will be worse in thy humour of courting. Now, for *Armes*, is it not better to read of *Noble Acts of Conquerors*, then to try the misery of the conquered, and to suffice Nature with a little, then to starue for want of food? Oh the danger of death, the doubt of victories, the crosse of valor, the terrour of sackings a *City*, the defence of a battle, the sight of blood, the cares of the sorrowfull, and the consideration of conscience: Oh these, with many other ill benefits, bitter homes, deadly wounds, cold lodgings, hard fare, unkinde drink, and lewde rage: and who knowes how long? These things, I say, with what else, I say not, are sufficient I hope, to cōswade thee from to desperare a course: rather read of true valor, and vpon good cause and fit time adventure life for Honour, for thy Country, thy Religion or thy life: otherwise vnder the shew of seeking Honour, goe not like a hired *Butcher* to kill beasts, like a *Tyrant* to kill men for money, remember what thou hast read, Blessed are the Peacemakers: Seeke peace and ensue it, for God will blesse it if he make it. Yet if needs thou wilt goe to the field, begin not with thy *Court*, lest dauntie feare, ease and idlenesse, make thee unfit to adventure the hard course of honour: but though in regard of the great trauels, and perils in those passages, the titles of Honour doe most truly belong to the well-deseruers, while *Clamour* sheweth in *Deceit*, both grace Noblenesse in *Godnesse*, yet for that I thinke thy Body not answerable to thy Spirit, out of my loue I haue written thee my Advice, hoping that it will take effect, though not as I wish, yet such as may be to thy good: and so knowing thy judgement sufficient to determine of the best course, I leaue thee

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thee with it to the direction of the Almighty, whom I beseech ever so to
bless thee, that I may alwaies heare well of thee, and reioyce to see thee:
From my lodging in the little Colledge, this tenth of August, 1633.

Thine more then spoken, N.B.

A Letter of a Batchelor to a rich Widow.

W I know, if you would be so woe I would call you sweet: for though
you know I loue you, yet you will say I flatter you: but yet be
it how it will, this is truth, beleue it as you will, your eyes haue caught
my heart, who hath sworne me a seruant to your will: I cannot with
eloquence Court you, but I can truly loue you, and thinke my selfe blest
sed, if I might enioy you: for as your presence may please the wisest, so
your wisdom may commaund the honest: for your wealth, bee it more
or lesse then is reported, your selfe being of more worth, then you can
haue wealth, I wish your selfe rather then what is yours. You feare
perhaps youths inconstancy, it is tryall that proueth truth, and for my
loue, it shall end with my life: but what are words vnblessed: or hopes
not firme grounded: like the Vision of a dreame, which awake proues
nothing: yet, good widow if you be kind, pittie me: and if pittifull, fauour
me: and if gracious, loue me: God will regard you, Loue wil be true to
you, and I wil die ere I will deceiue you, you may increase your coyne,
& decrease your comfort, when a coughing Song at midnight may make
you wepe before day, but venture a little and haue much: What I am
or haue you shall haue all, my loue, my seruice, my life, and what can you
haue more: A little more drinke to make the cup run ouer, and perhaps
marre the drinke that was good before: a little more coyne to fill the o-
ther bagge, and perhaps fall out to proue a piece of false money, when
comanded by a colliel, that wil serue for nothing but a Colold, or curbd
by a Cub, that will grate you to the bones for an old Goat, you will
curse your treasure, that was the cause of your destruction, So, no, be good
to thy selfe in being kind to me, heare me, beleue me, loue me, and
take

take me : for I will be a servant to thy will, a Companion to thy kindnesse : and a Steward to thy substance : This, as I live, and hope of thy loue, thou shalt find : for my heart hath auowed it, and I will not be a villaine to my owne soule. In which, praying for thy health and to be made happy in thy kindnesse, to say Amen to my prayers, I rest,

Thine auowed, howsoever regarded, T.M.

A Letter of aduice to his friend W. G.

Honest Will, I heare by your Mother that you are going to the Uniuersitie, where no doubt, but with good care and diligence you may doe your selfe much good : but for that I haue passed the place that you are going to, and haue tryed the natures of those studies, and the profit to be made of them, let me tell thee mine opinion of them, and which I thinke best for thee to follow for thy good : First, for the better blessing of whatsoeuer thou follow, bestow some labour in reading of the diuine Loue : that done, note what I tell thee for the increase of thy stocke when thou shalt come to haue any dealings in the World : for thy better instruction in such courses as may be for thy commoditie, obserue these Rules that I will read thee : First, for Grammer, it is euery Masters of petty Schooles common Flaile : Logicke is but for the Uniuersitie : for Musicke, it brings more crotchets then Crownes : for Astronomie, it goes too high aboue the Clouds to doe any good on the earth : Cosmographie is good for a Traveller, and Astrologie for a Seaman : but for him that meanes to gather wealth and grow rich, let him be perfect in Arithmeticke, to be sure of his numbers, it will be a meane to grow rich many waies : for if you keepe a Merchants booke, you shall learne his accounts, the prizes of his wares, and the gaines of them, as well by great as by retails, as wel outward as homeward, and this is a sure way to wealth. Again, if you be advanced to a place of Office, to keepe account of the number of the people, the duties, tributes, and what payment soeuer to be made by them, for Subsidies, Fiftiænes, Customs, and what else soeuer : Arithmeticke is most necessarie for thy speedie dispatch of all those businesses : for howsoever honour may be sought or bought by them that haue enough, seeke thou wealth, and that will bring thee what the world can giue thee : for if thou fall into want, and impairing or spending thy stocke, be forced to

to take some meane course for thy maintenance, I wil tell thee what thou shalt finde true: the honest will onely pittie thee, and say thou mayest keepe a Schoole, it is an honest trade, when a Churle will grutch at his groat for a Shillings woorth of labour in beating quicks sense into a dul wit: who if he be not capable of a good vnderstanding, yet shall the fault of his imperfection be imputed to thy negligence, and thou vnderseerued receiue a frowne or a soule woord for thy labour: now the proud Peacock that hath a little more money then wit, will perhaps entertaine thee to a blew Coat, & forty Shillings, which hold gracious it wil be to a good spirit, thou shalt find, and I shal be sorry to heare: beleeue me, if thou haue all the Sciences, be furnished with many languages, and art acquainted with honourable centres, and a heart as honest as can liue, yet if thou lack wealth to grace all the rest, thou shalt haue a ffoole come ouer thee, and a knaue abuse thee, and he whose wit goes no further then his trade, so play vpon thy miserie, with scanning thy course of life, that thou wilt wissh rather neuer to be bozne, then to be bozne downe with unhappinesse: yea, for necessities sake thou shalt be forced to bestow thy study in fictions and sollices, and to spend thy spirit in vaine, yea, I may say vile inuentions, to commend an unworthy person, to the wound of thine owne conscience, who though he loue to heare himselfe flattered, yet perhaps when he hath miserably rewarded thee, yet will he lie of his country, which is little better then beggery. Oh what a plague is it to a noble spirit, though more want to present an Asse with a burden of wit. **A** base spirit with a Tract of hono: Oh deare Will, the wealthy that hath but a little wit, will grow rich with making a benefit of thy labours, while thou not weighing the lack of iudgement in the first direading of thy course, wilt pine away with sorrow, to think of thy mistaken fortune. In brieft therefore, follow my counsell, Andoy all the Arts superficially, but chiefly Arithmetick, for it is the assured way to wealth: be not ignorant in Diuinity: for it is the soules comfort: and take heed of Poettry, lest it run away with thy wit: for it hath commonly one of these three properties, belibelling the wicked, abusing the honest, or pleasing the foolish: and therefore, though some excellent man may haue some excellent humo: doe thou rather read in an Euening, then make thy dayes worke in the study of idleness: giue them praise that deserue it, but doe not thou bend thy delights towards it: for in a woord, it is more full of pleasure

then profit: Thus haue I writ this tedious Letter, hoping that if thou wilt follow my aduice, it wil doe thee no harme: and if so much good as I desire, I shal be glad to see it: in the meane time, leauing thy courses, with thy selfe, to the guiding and tuition of the Almighty, I rest

Thine in much affection. R. P.

To his most Honourable Lady Madame

Isabella Tarina.

Honourable Madam, how my twotwinesse may hope of your goodnesse, I cannot finde; but in the notes of your Noblenesse, which as it may well challenge the height of your Title, so both it bind a world of Seruants to your fauour: among whom my selfe more desirous then able to deserue the least of your countenance, am now presumptuous to trouble you with an humble suite: I haue a sister, of yeares sufficient to vnderstand betwixt good and euil, and of disposition, I thank God, not amisse: her bringing vp hath bene chiefly at her booke and needle, yet is shee not vnfurnished of other parts fit for a seruant of her place: which if it might so stand with your good pleasure, should be to attend your Honour in your Chamber: her truth I wil undertake for, her diligence I wil not doubt of, her kinde nature I can speak of, and her affection vnto your Ladiship I know is not a little: if therefore in all these shee may be pleasing to your entertainment, I shal be bound to your good fauour in the honour of her preferment: which being the highest aduancement ~~of~~ her dutie can deserue, I leaue her seruice with mine owne to your honorable imploiment. So craving pardon to my boldnesse, with fauour to my suite, I humbly take my leaue.

Your Ladiships in all humblenesse, E. IV.

To my most beloued Godfather, *T. H.*

Godfather, at the font you gaue me a name, & as I haue heard and read of others, you undertooke to see me brought vp in learning, & in the feare of God: I do not remember that euer I yet receiued penie from you toward the charge therof, and you hauing neither charge of wife or children, might do wel to bestow your blessing vpon me, in somewhat better then a bare hand, which wil buy nothing: As it possible that hauing one foot in the graue, the other should be so farre

farre off: Am I your nearest in nature, and that I be furthest off in love: I know not the cause, but what euer it be, misconceined in kindnesse, let mee intreat you to beloue my loue, and I desire no moze: for when you are wearie of the flatterie of those that feed vpon you, among the great showers of your kindnesse that you daily raine downe vpon their fields, you wil, I hope, bestow one drop of grace vpon my grounds. I wil vnge nothing but your wil, and wil loue you moze then they which tell you moze: be not couetous to gather for them that gape for your goods: and be not fast-handed to him who loues you moze then all you haue: and the good that you wil doe let it be in your life, that you may see your contentment in the issue of your kindnesse: loath I am to wearie you with wordes, and therefore in love of a true heart, which daily prayeth for your health and hearts ease, hoping that God wil moue you for my good, whosoeuer is a meane of my hurt, I cease further at this time to trouble you, but rest alwaies in dutie of mine humble loue,

Your affectionate God-sonne, T.B.

To my dearest beloued friend on earth,

H.W.

Honest Harrie, out of a troubled spirit of a tormented heart, I write to thee, & therefore beare with my skil, if it be not in the pleasing nature of so good an humour as I could wish, and thou art worthy of: but as I know thee able to iudge of colours better then the blinde eyes of beetle-heads, and of that true kindnesse that can & doth rather comfort the afflicted, then encrease the sorowes of the distressed: let me impart to thee some part of my passion, that patience in thy pittie may the better play her part in my spirit: what that I say? I liue as without life, pleased in nothing, crossed in all hopes, put in many scares, languishing in many sorowes, & troubled with the griefe of a wounded conscience: not with the horzour of Surther, the feare of Treason, nor delight of sin, but with the cruelty of Sfortime, the unkindnesse of friends, and the breach of my credit, and most of all with them whom I most loue. Oh God, my heart aketh, & blame it not: and my Spirit mourneth, and repproue it not: for though patience be a vertue that maketh men diuine, yet there is but one Christ, and men are no Angels: and let me tel the truth, the miserie of my life is intolerable in the sense of nature: so, compare the afflictions of the

most patient, with the causes of my passions, and provide a way to of
 pitie to behold the map of my miseries: hath one man bene wealthy
 and become poore: so am I: hath another suffered wrong: so doe I:
 another buried his Parents, Children, and deare friends: so haue I:
 another trauelled farre in hope of gaine, and returned with losse: so
 haue I: another bene wounded in the warres, fared hard, laine in a
 cold bed many a bitter stozme, and bene at many a hard banquet:
 all these haue I: another imprisoned: so haue I: another long bin
 sick: so haue I: another plagued with an vnquiet wife: so am I:
 another indebted, to his hearts grieve, and faine would pay and can
 not: so am I: in sum, any of these crosses are able to kill the heart
 of a kind Spirit, and all these lie at once so heauy vpon my heart,
 as nothing but the hand of God can remoue: besides my continuall
 foile for the reward of vnquietnesse, while that which should be my
 comfort, is my corrosiue: imagine how with all this I can liue, and
 thinke what a death it is thus to liue. Oh for the scoyne of the proud,
 the abuse of the vngracious, the scoffe of the foolish, and the scanning
 of the vnkind: the company of the discontentiue, and the want of the
 most affected: the disgrace of learning, the losse of time, and the mi
 sery of want: If there be a hell on earth, it cannot be farre from this
 cause of my discomfort: where I am sure, the deuill, seeing my desire
 to serue God, layeth all his barres he can in the way for my discom
 fort: but I desie him, and hope in Christ that my liuing and louing
 God, who hath tried my soule in aduersities, wil one day in his mer
 cie so looke vpon me, that the deuill shal be driuen back from his pur
 pose, and, the teares of my body wiped away, I shal reioyce in such a
 joy, as, all my griefes cleane forgotten, my heart and scule shal in
 the joy of my sense, in the heauenly harmony of a holy hymne, sing a
 new song of praise to the glory of my Sauieur: for the hastening
 whereof in my deliuerance from my torments and comforts in his
 mercies, I wil frame my daily prayers, and be assured of thy Amen:
 but I feare I am too tedious, and therefore will thus end: God con
 tinue my patience but not my sorowes: giue me deliuerance from
 my miseries, and make me thankfull for his blessings, and blesse thee
 with as much happinesse as thou knowest how, so leauing my
 hopes to his mercies, and vs both to his tuition: I rest with as little
 rest as I thinke any man can rest,

I thinke or not mine owne, N. B.

To

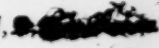
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To his faire Mistresse and hearts honour,

Mistresse *M. Hasket* at Mr. *Lupton* in Bowline

Lady, I haue been so ill a Scholler to loue, that I neuer yet lear-
ned the courting of beauty, neither would I willingly vse Art to
abuse vertue, and therefore if plaine truth may find fauour, I wil vse
no Atturney in this cause: which bring to be iudged in your kind-
nes, I wil onely craue audience, and stand to your arbitrement: my
case being mine owne Lawyer, thus I plead: Your eyes haue solue
my heart, now I must either be necessary to mine owne hurt, or ac-
cuse you of the felony: but rather willing to lose my heart in your
eyes, then keepe them to looke on other light, I will onely appeale to
your selfe what to doe in this passion: If I loue, you must know it,
for your eyes haue my heart: and if I lose my heart, you must haue
it, for your eyes are wel worthy of it: but now you haue it, preserve
it for your seruice: let it not die in displeasure that hath no life but in
your loue: if it could speake, it would tell you how dearely, highly, and
onely it honours you, and if you will beleue it, you shall quickly find
it: for it is dedicated to your seruice, and hath no care but of your fa-
uour: keepe it then to your vse, vse it to your pleasure, and let it die
in no other comfort. In summe, not to dwell vpon ceremonies, it is
nothing mine, but all yours: and if it may liue in your eyes, it seeks
no other heauen in this world: value it not then from you, that hath
no life but in you: and take it wholly to you, that is as nothing with-
out you: so leauing it, with my selfe, to the honour of your onely ser-
uice, I take my leaue for this time: but will rest etern,

Your answerd and deuoted, 

To his very good friend, Master *M. B.* for the borrowing
of 40 pounds for six Months.

Sir, I know you loue no long Letters, and my sute being to most
men so vnpleasing, I would be loth to be tedious: I haue purchased
a piece of Land, and laid out all my mony: now vpon the sudden an
vnexpected occasion puts me to an extraordinary charge, for the sur-
nishing whereof, I am constrained to try my good friends: among
which presuming of your kind promise vpon any urgent occasion to
Hau. me in dead: I am to intreat you by this bearer to helpe me to
40 pounds, wherein you shall so much pleasure me, as so much may
as I can requite it, I wil not forget it: I would haue it for six
months,

B ;

months,

months, my day I wil not bzeake, I wil take it kinddie, and deserue it thankfully: my Seruant is trustie, and therefore I pray you send it by him: and as you wil be assured of my loue, send me not with delays nor excuse, for I know you haue it, and you know I wil pay. Thus loth to vse you like a Broker, to send you a patrone: as an honest neighbour let me be beholding to your kindnesse, in which you shal giue me cause in the like, or a greater matter to rest vpon, at as short a warning.

Your assured friend to vse, R.H.

To the Right Worshipfull my very good Master, Sir Thomas Ward Knight, at his house in Padow.

Sir, after my humble dutie: I haue talked with diuers of those parties to whom you directed me, touching the benefit to be made of the suite which you haue in hand, whose opinions, I finde diuers: yet all agree in this, that if you can procure it irreuocable, the money wil be aduentured: otherwise, they are loth to ingage their states and credites too farre vpon bare hopes, for liues are vncertaine, and in the change of times, diuers things fall out contrarie to expectation: you shal therefore doe wel, before you trouble any of them in it, to make sure of the matter, in such sort as may be best for your profit, for the sute being effected to good purpose, leaue me to deale in it to your content: there is much muttering that you are like to be crossed in it, I would therefore wish you to trie your strength in it, and not to slip time, for it is precious in a good course: beare with me I beseech you, if I moue your patience, in begging your speed, for it is for your owne good. Against your comming to Colone, I wil haue somewhat else for you to set on foot, for he that wil work must not haue the fire without an Iron: but knowing your businesse, I wil forbear at this time to trouble you with idle newes: and onely praying for your health and hearts ease, commit the consideration of your owne causes to the managing of your good discretion, and so humbly take my leaue for this time, and rest alwaies,

Your Worships humble seruant, I.T.

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To my assured louing friend T.B. with speed, for
money lent, to restore backe.

NOne payment of debts, is not onely a crack in credit, but a losse of friends: vpon your letter I furnisht your want, and fortune hauing bene your friend, a large conscience, mee thinketh, doth not wel: your excuse yet I know not, noz can wel deuise it: but acquaint me with it, that I may not wzong your dispositiō, for a settled affection expected the like measure in kindnes: the monie you had of me is not much, but if it had done you a pleasure I am glad of it: and if you can wel spare it, by this bearer I pray you return it, or the cause why you detain it: I haue lately bought therpe to stoze a Pasture that I haue to farme, and my monie being short, I am bold to wzite to you for mine owne, which if it come shal be welcome, if not, so that I know how it may stead you, I wil forbear: and for the conference betwixt your Son and my Daughter, I thinke they are moze readie for vs then we for them: your mind I know, and am contented with it: for as I see their proceedings, we wil sone sal vpon agrēment: and to be plaine with you, I think I were best rather to prouide you moze monie, then demand any moze that you haue: and therfoze making your excuse in this only point of affection, intreating pardon for my plaine manner of wziting, assuring you, that if this matter goe forward, (as it is no other like) as their loues, so shal our purpes be one: And thus hoping of your health as mine owne, with commendations to your kind Son, your selfe, and your good Schzels, I commit you to the Almightye, Canterbury, this fourth of August, 1629.

Your very louing friend, N.T.

To a Judge in the behalfe of an Offender.

My good Lord, your honorable care of iustice, I hope, is seasoned with the charitable weight of mercy, for though the law cutteth off offence by sharpe punishment, yet death takes alway repentance, and where there is sorrow there is signe of grace, the best Judge of true iustice. Christ Iesus, pardoned the great sinner, & with the gentle rebuke of, Sinne no more, called her to great grace: now shal Iustice vpon the first fact, vse another course vpon an Offender: I know it is your Path to doe all manner of Iustice, yet may you giue time of repentance

repentance in reprieuing this poore man, whose pardon will be easily attained. Your hono^r shall do a good deed: God, in imitating his course in Justice, will surely regard & reward you: the penitent Offender shall be bound euer to pray for you, my selfe with all his friends, will truly honour you: and no doubt but our King, who is full of mercie, when his Majesty shall heare of it, will commend you: beseeching therefore your Honour to stay the sentence of death until the next Assise, or grant him a reprieue till the said time: learning the poore mans life to a word of your mouth, with my humble & bounden service to your good health, and all other happinesse, I humbly take my leave,
Your honours in all humbleness, D. H.

A Letter of Complements: To my very good friend Master
H. W. at his house in *Arthingworth*.

Sir, if I could haue let passe so fit a Messenger without some thankfull remembrance, I were unworthy of so good a friend: but your kindnesse being such as will euer worke in a good mind, I pray you let me salute you with this little token of my loue: The Rindlet is of such sack, as Bristol hath no better, & the Sugar-loafe for your Ladie, I assure you is right Barbaric, which at this time is here of some price, but upon the ceasing of the troubles there, I hope we shall haue it cheape here: in the meane time howsoever it be: what you neede command in that or what else may be in my power to accomplish: and so wishing I were with you at the killing of one of your fat Buckes, with my hearty commendations to your selfe and your good Bedfellow, and many thanks to you both for my great good chere, and most kinde entertainment, hoping to see you at my house at your coming to towne, where you shall make your owne welcome, I commit you to the Almighty: London the 11. of July.

Your very loving and assured friend, C. R.

To his assured friend, Master *Thomas Rise*, at his house in the Strand, intreating his helpe for dispatch of businesse.

Against this time of my attendance upon the Judge of this Circuit, I shall haue occasion to vse many things, whereof I am now unfurnished: your skill in chusing the best, and knowing the prices, I know long since by your kindnesse in the like trouble: and therefore I entreat

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entreat you once moze to take a little paines with this Bearer my Servant, in helping him in the laying out of his monie, upon such parcels, as in my note for my use I have set downe: your travel & kindnesse shall not be unthankfully forgotten, and wherein I may in this Countrey, or else where pleasure you, you shall not faile of my best meanes. If you have any newes I pray you acquaint me with them, and if the ship be come from the Indies, what good successe they have had: but some earnest businesse makes me briefer then I otherwise would be, and therefore hoping of your health, and not doubting of your kindnesse, with heartie commendations, I commit you to the Almighty. Salop this twelfth of June. 1619.

Your assured friend, T.M.

To his very good Friend, R. M. concerning the
purchase of certaine Lands.

Sir, where you wrote unto me, touching the sale of your Lordship of Bar, I cannot answer you for two causes: the one, the price is too high: the other, your halfe of monie is too great: for touching your price, the Land you know is much impaired since the death of your father, the Woods are low and verie backward, by cutting it afore their full growth, and your Trees are so wasted, that there is scarce a piece of timber worth the felling: your Hedges are shredly spoiled for lack of darning, and your Pastures are so overgrown with Bushes, that it will aske great cost in rubbing, before it be brought to any good passe: yet notwithstanding, for that we have bene upon speech for it, and that you came willing to deale with me, if you will pitch a reasonable price, your monie shall not be long deferred: I pray you therefore, if I may have it as I told you, if it be a hundred pounds moze, I care not, but further indeed I will not give a pennie: let me know your mind by this Bearer out of hand, for I am offered (I think) a better bargaine: but for my words sake, and the rather to be your neighbour, that we may now and then have a game or two at Bowles. Hoping of your good health and your Well-fellowes, I commit you to the Almighty: from my house, this 13. of June, 1619.

Your very loving friend, E.R.

L

A

A Letter to a proud Mistresse.

How beantis will make a foole proud, I would your plaister, woꝝke did not witnesse: but had you wit to helpe wickednesse, you would put a Barrat out of countenance: your countenance is made after your conceit, as full of merrie tricks as a Donkey: and for your foot-pace, I think you have soze hæles, you walke so nicely, as vpon egges-shels: your haire is none of your owne, and for your Képletire, it is like the gaud of a Paid: Parion, so that had you a sole by the hand, you might walke where you would in a Hoꝝis-dance: Oh fine come to it, how it fiddles like a Hacking that would tire at halfe a mile. Wel your Tobacco breath with your toothlesse Chaps, wil be shortly such bad ware, that you wil stand in the Market, and no man bid a penny for you: but what do I meane to spoile Paper with such matter: and therefore I wil abzuptly end: wash your feet, scoure your hands, put on a cleane smocke, get you to your prayers, repent your wickednesse, and mourn to death for your soules sake, for your Carcasse is not woꝝth the carying to the earth: and so hoping that in a good humour you wil do somewhat better then hang your selfe, I leane you to his mis-hap that finds you for the most filthy crea'ture on this earth, til you be neuer moꝝe seene in the woꝝld.

Your poore friend at a pinch, B. T.

The answer of a witty but railing wench.

Betwixt a railing Unawe and a Kascal, what is the difference? And from a nittie Rogue what can be loekt for but a Koble? Oh deuil incarnate, who euer knew such a villaine? Your haire I wil not meddle with for feare of a fall: but I wonder the Jewellers dos not deale with you for a face: where a Pinne can scarce stand betwixt a Pearle and a Rubie: Oh the French rhelome bids you kepe out of the winde, for feare your leanell shakes scarce hold vpon a rotten carcasse: now in stead of a Hoꝝis dance, you know the hey vpon Holborne: where the Hangman at the gallows staies to learne you a new turne: But thou wretched woꝝme, unwoꝝth by the name of a man, get thee to thy knees, aske forgiveness of all the woꝝld, make thy confession in the Cart, and commend thy soule to the Lord, for thy flesh the Dogs wil not meddle with: and so in haste, hoping my letter may come to thee afore the last call, I end in hast.

Thy charitable friend, B. C.

A

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A Letter of Challenge to a Swaggerer.

Sirra, your swaggering is so foolish that the child;en laugh at you where you goe: and for your balour, if your feather be away, your sword wil doe no hurt: your tossing of pots feare none but flies, and for your b;ane words they are nothing but winde. But least I doe not some pleasure in telling you of your faults, let it suffice to make an end of all matters: To morrow in the morning you shall haue me by eight of the clocke in the field beyond your Lodging, nere vnto the Wale: where if you dare come alone, you shall finde mee without company, ready to doe more then I wil speake: til when expecting no other answer then your selfe, I rest,

Your auowed enemy, I. T.

A dogged answer.

Doe you imagine me a Whittian, that you begin to play Goliath in a letter: I assure you, if your deedes be like your words, my feather wil not abide your windie words: but for my sword, it hath no point, and therefore cares not a point for you: if you be not drunke, I muse what madnesse doth possesse you: but the best is, I hope now you haue spoken, you haue done: for I wil be there where you appoint, but I doubt you wil not performe: but as you tell me of my faults, I hope to whip you for yours: and so;rie to haue lost so much time about idlenesse, I end,

Yours as I haue reason, F. R.

To my very good Cousin Master I. D. at his
house in *Swands*.

Cousin, I vnderstand, you are determined to put your younger Sonne Apprentize to a Merchant: beleeue mee I highly commend your resolution herein: for I that haue travelled farre, & scene much, can speake somewhat of them, and their noble Profession: I could wel giue it a higher title, for a right Merchant is a royall fellow, he is desirous to see much, to trauell much, and sometime to gaine a little doth aduenture much, though sometime for a little aduenture he doth gaine much: but what are the sundrie natures of perils, as wel at Sea, as at Land: as wel of his goods as his person, none knoweth but himselfe, or like himselfe: but hauing trauelled farre and finished his voyage, after his safe returne, hauing ginen

A 2

God

God thanks, note what is the course of his life, to obserue a comely order in the Citie, & enrich manie poore men by the retailing of his goods, who sit at eas and sell in their Shops, that which hee with great toyle and danger fetched out of farre Countries. How say his gaine be great, let it be answered in the desert of his trauel: that a faire or a fine Horse, brought out of Barbarie, be here finelie kept, wel fed, and neattlie dyed, and richlie attired: and that not a Merchant that hath tranelled manie miles beyond Barbarie, be thought woorthie of a fine house, good Land, daintie fare, and an honourable Title, for the resolution of his Adventure and the toile of his trauel: that a Lute or a Citterne, brought out of Italy, be put in a case of Weluet, and laced with Gold, for wel sounding: and that not a Merchant that fetcht that Lute, and went farre further then that Countrie for better Commodities be thought woorthie of his gaine, and honoured for his mind: that the Lawyer sell breath at a high rate: and that the Merchant be greeued his price of his Wares: what that I say: who vpholds the Rate of a Citie: or the Honour of a State vnder the King, but the Merchant: who beautifieth a Court with Jewels and outward Ornament: but the trauel of a Merchant: who beautifies the Gardens with sundrie sorts of Fruits and Flowers, but the travelling Merchant: hee may wel be called the Merchant, the Sea-singer, or the maker of the Sea to sing: the Sea-singer, when he hath faire wind, and good weathier: and maketh the Sea to sing, when hee sees the goodlie houses that float vpon her Waves, and cast Anchors in her Sands. But let me leaue the Sea, and come to the Land: consider of the sweet and ciuil manner of their liues: whose Houses moze neate: whose liues moze modest: whose apparel moze comely, whose diet moze daintie: and whose cariage moze commendable: valiant without quarrels, merrie without madness, bountifull in their gifts, and verie neat & choise in their Banquets: whose children are better nortred: whose seruants better governed: whose House better stuffed and maintained: furthermore, what comfort haue the distressed found beyond the Seas: and how manie poore do they relieue at home: what Colledges: what Hospitals: what Alms-houses haue they builded: and in esse, what Cities haue they enlarged, and what Countries haue they enriched: how few Lawyers can say so: if that be all true, which much moze might be said in their honour, giue them their right: I say the Merchant

is a Royall fellow, and goe forwards with your intent: if you wil
ever haue your Sonne see any thing, know any thing, doe any thing,
or be worth any thing, put him to a Merchant: and giue with him
such a portion as out of his yeares, may set by his trade or traffick,
doubt not hee wil doe wel, and thinke not hee can almost doe better:
so beseeching God to blesse him in all his courses, without which hee
wil be worse then nothing, I pray you do as I wish you, charge him
to serue God, and so turne him to the World: and thus hauing truly
written you my opinion touching my purpose, wishing health, and ho-
nour, and all happinesse, to all worthy true Merchants, in hope of
your health, I commit you to the Almighty. Arthingworth, this
10. of August.

Your very louing Cousin, N.B.

To his dearest, fairest, and worthiest of loue, honour,
and seruice, Mistresse ELEANOR Hasket
at Mr. Secks in Hamersmith.

If I should commend you (fairest of women) above the Sonne,
and compare you with the Sunne, you would put me in the clouds
for a flatterer: but knowing your owne worth, and finding the sub-
stance of my truth, you cannot blame me, in admiration to speake
truth of your perfection, which of what power it is in drawing the
seruice of reason, if you would belæue, loue would quickly tel you:
but the cause of inconstancie in the vniuers, breedeth distrust of truth
in the most faithfull: but all Birds are not of one feather, nor all
men of one minde. In briefe, not to make a long harvest of little
Com: which being ripe, would be gathered in good time: let truth
be my spokes-man, and belæse my comfort: the hope whereof, as my
onely worlds happinesse, referring onely to the care of your kind-
nesse in the faith of true affection. I rest.

Your auowed and assured, R. Heath

A Letter to a Friend to borrow a piece of Money.

For, as nothing moze trieth a friend then calamitie, so is there
nothing moze gricuous, then to be beholding: in kindnes therfore.

If I may become your debter for five pounds, it is not much, yet will it pleasure mee more then a little: your appointed day I will not breake with you, and wherein I may thankfully requite you, you shall finde no forgetfulnesse of your kindnesse: but time is precious, and therefore entreating your speedie answer, in hope of no deniall I rest.

Your assured friend to command, T.W.

The answer.

I would be as glad to pleasure you as any man, but truth cannot be blamed, for with more then for my necessary use, that I cannot spare, I am not presently furnished: I pray you therefore take not a deniall unkindly: for if my credit will pleasure you, I will not faile, my best to doe you good: if otherwise you would vize mee, it will be to little purpose: and therefore sorrye that I am not in time to satisfie your expectation, I must leane patience to your kinde discretion, which as you know mee, shall command me, for I am, and will be, to the uttermost of my power.

Your assured friend, D.S.

A Letter or good counsell to Mistris H. C. at her house in pe. *Chest.*

My good Cousin, I remember at my last being with you, wee had some conference about consideration: beleue me, when I consider the world, and what I haue sene in it, and the best things of it, and that all in effect, is as nothing, or rather worse, if any thing at all, I wonder how men, who haue so much judgement of good from euil, how can those men that know the vncertaine time of death, liue as though they thought neuer to die: how can he that readeth or heareth the Word of God, and beleueth the truth of it, be so carelesse of it, and so disobedient to it: Will men be sick, that may be whole: or die, that may liue: what shall I say: but as Paul said to the Corinthians, O yee foolish people, who hath bewitched you? It is the word of God, that transgression is as the sinne of Witchcraft: and surely, if men were not bewitched with sinne, they could not so delight in wickednesse, being the crosse and barre to all their happines, could the Chiefe consider the doome of the Law, or the miserie of the despoiled, surely he would not steale: if the Adulterer did consider the

filthinesse

filthinesse of his action, and the shame of his follie, surely he wou'd turne honest: if the murtherer did consider the horrour of death, and the terroꝝ of sin, he would neuer kil: In bziefe, if any sinner would looke into the foule nature of sinne, he would be out of loue with it: and if he did consider the powꝛ of Gods wrath, he would be afraid of it: Nay, could, or would man consider the goodnesse of God towards him, in commanding and forbidding nothing, but that which is good foꝝ him, how could he be so forgetfull of his owne good, in offending the Authoꝝ of all goodnesse? If the bawdyist could consider the miserie of want, sure he would not be carelesse of his estate: if the couetous could consider the miserie of the poꝛe, he would be moze charitable: if the Swaggerer could consider the comelinesse of sobrietie, and the shame of immodestie, surely he would be moze ciuil: If the Magistrate did consider the miserie of the poꝛe, hee would not be so carelesse of their torment, and put them to such sorrow, but remember, that iustice without mercie, is too nere a touch of tyrannie. If the offendant did consider the grieve and shame of punishment, he would containe himselfe within the compasse of a better course. If he that preacheth the Word, and followeth it not, could consider the heaviness of Gods judgement, and the shame of his folly, he would doubtlesse be moze carefull of his soule, and moze kind to his flockes. If the Lawyer could consider the Law of God, he would neuer grieve his Client, nor speake against a knowne truth: but as I said befoze, to leaue tediousnesse, it is the onely lacke of consideration, that maketh the lewdnesse wil of man to runne the way of errour, to the ruine of his best comfort: and therefore I intreat you, notwithstanding my allowance of your judgement touching the heavenly providence, and powꝛ in the motion of all good actions: yet so to allow of my opinion touching want of consideration, that it is one of the greatest causes of the confusion of reason, by the corruption of Nature: and knowing that the care of your consideration is such as both, and may wel give example to most expert men to follow the rules of your directions in the whole course of life, wishing my selfe so happie, as to enjoy the company of so good a friend, till I see you, and euer, I rest in fast settled affection,

Your very louing friend, N.V.

To

To my sweet Loue, Mistris E. Rasket.

Sweet Loue, if absence could breed forgetfulness, then sometime should doe much harme to affection, but when the eye of the mind looketh into the joy of the heart, the sentence may wel be spoken. As in silence you may heare me, so in absence you may see mee: for loue is not an houres humour, nor a shadow of light, but it is a light of the spirit, and a continuing passion: thinke not therefore I doe, or can forget thee, or loue my selfe but for thee: shortly I hope to see thee, and in the meane time though not with thee, yet not from thee, nor wil be at rest with my selfe, till I may rest onely with thee, I rest alwaies to rest,

Thine onely and all, **R. W. Salmer.**

Her answer.

My deare, if belaiues were not a death to loue, excuse were current in the construction of kindnesse, but sentences are better spoken then vnderstood, and a pleasing presence is better then an excused absence: remembrance is good, but possession better, and loue holdeth memorie but a kinde of melancholly. Let your selfe therefore be the messenger rather of your loue then your Letters, lest fortune in a mad fit be crosse to your best comfort, not in respect of my constancie, but my Parents unkindnesse. This is all I wil write at this time, but wishing a happie time, to the beginning of a neuer ending, I rest till that time, and at all times, one and the same,

Yours as you know, **E. Rasket.**

An old mans Letter to a young Widow.

Widow, I haue neither a smoth face, nor a filed Tongue to cheat your eyes, nor abuse your Eares withall: but a true heart and a constant minde that both inwardly loue you, and wil neuer deceiue you: fickle heads and vnbizbled wills know not where, nor how to bestow themselves, when their wits goe a woo: gathering among themselues that haue had flaces, they may be kinde, but not constant, and Loue looses no out-lookers: besides, light heads haue no staied heeles, & a little wealth is soone spent: who knoweth the woe of want, can tell you the difference betwixt an old mans Darling, & a yong mans Darling: Why? how can they loue, that scarce know how to like: I know you haue many Suters of wozth, but

but none that I thinke more wortie then my selfe: for none can loue you so much, nor esteeme you so wel: for I haue anolue the world, and care not for it, nor for any thing but you: If therefore all I haue may please you, and my selfe, to loue and honoꝛ you, make my comfort your contentment, and I wil seeke no other Paradise in this world. Thus hoping that reason in your fauour, will effect the hope of my affection, leauing you to your selfe, to be your selfe, I rest

Yours or not his owne, T.P.

Her answer.

Sir, I could neuer see you but in a letter: I should delight much in your presence, but contraries are not correspondent: a gray head and graine minde fit not, your perswasions were forcible, were not your selfe of too much weakenesse: but though for your good wil, I thanke you, yet for nothing wil I be indebted to you, no, not for a world would I be troubled with you: for as our yeares, so I feare our fancies wil be different: and the patience mouing choller, may breede anger, when to be an old mans Darling, is a kinde of curse to nature: you say wel, who can loue, that knowes not how to like: when the senses are vncapable of their comfort, what is imagination but a Dreame? a blinde man can iudge no colour, a deafe man hath no skill in Musique, a dumbe man no eloquence, and an old man little feeling in Lones passion: for my Sutors they lose my time, and serue their owne: and for their wortie, I shal iudge of the most wortie: now for their wits, if they lose not their owne flaccies, let them gather Tallow where they can: but for your loue, I wil not venture on it, lest being too old, it be not sweet, and for my yong Sutors, I hope I shal take heed of sholowed sotozenesse: as for sfortune, while Vertue gouernes affection. I wil not feare my felicitie: so hoping your owne reason wil perswade you to haue patience with your passion, and leaue me to my better comfort, meaning to be as you wish me, my selfe, and none other, I rest

Not yours, if mine owne, P.M.

A Letter of a young man to his sweet-heart.

for Mr Martha Simmons

My Love, if I could have as good passage as my Letter, I would be a better Messenger of my thoughts then my words can expresse: but as the secret of my heart is sealed up in my Letter, so is the secret of my Love sealed up in my heart, which none can see but your eyes, nor shall know but your kindnesse: let me not then languish in the lingring hope of my desires, but hasten my comfort in the onelie answer of your content: you know the houre of the first meeting of our fantasies, the true continuance of our irremovable affections, and why wil you not appoint the conclusion of our comfort. Triall cannot let you doubt my Love, and Love wil be sweorne for the securitie of my truth: both which thus farre plead for me in your favour, give truth the reward of trial, and Love the regard of Truth, and deferre not the sentence of Justice, to let me live as I live in your judgement: for imprisoned I am in your beautie, bound in the hands of your service, and live but in the hope of your favour, in which I rest ever and onelie to rest happie in this world.

Yours, though not yours, **K. Edward**

An answer to his Love.

My Sweet, I rather wish your selfe, then your Letter, though in the halt of your desire, your presence had bin to little purpose: for Deedes are in good way, that are subscribed and sealed, but til the delivertie be made, the matter is not fullie finished: have there, some patience for a time, for it is soone enough, that is wel enough: and yet I confesse in kindnesse, delay is little comfort: yet stay for a faire day, though it be almost at noone: be perswaded of my affection, and let faith feare no fortune, for love can be no Changeling, and so imagine of my selfe: when you offend, I wil punish you, and when you doe please, I wil praise you: so assuring truth believe, and love comfort, I rest so soone as I wel may, to give the reason of your best rest, and til then, and ever wil rest.

Yours as I may, M.I.

A

A merry Letter of newes to a friend.

Right Trojan, I know thou lonest no complement, nor carest for
 any tricks, but as a good-fellow and a friend, wouldst heare
 how the World goeth: all the World I am not acquainted with, and
 therefore I know not what to say to it, but for the little part of it,
 the petty place, or Parish where I dwel, and some few miles about
 it, I wil tel you, there is a fall of Connies, for there is such a World
 of them euery day in the Market, that except they be young and fat,
 there is little monie hidden for them: Hackney-Jades are scarce
 worth their meat, and euery house hath such a dogge, that not a beg-
 ger dare come nere the doze, and not a House at a Chesse, but a
 Cat is at her heels: Maid Harrian of late was got with child in her
 sleepe, and the Hobby-horse was halfe madde, that the frole should
 be the father of it: a great talk there is of setting vp of a new Ta-
 uerne, but Tobacco is the thing that wil vent the old Sacke, there
 is spoken so much gibberish that we haue almost forgot our Mother
 Tongue, for euery Boy, in our Schoole, hath Latine at his fingers
 end, marris it is in a Booke, for all his wit is in his Copie, for in
 Capite he hath little. Our ffrs-school is new painted with whit-
 dome ouer the gate, for within, except some unhappie Tag, there is
 no more wit then is necessarie. Now, for other newes I wil tel you,
 wet weather frights vs with a hard Haruest, and Murrers are halfe
 mad, for lack of vfferance of their monie: Law was neuer more in
 vse, nor men more out of monie: and for Women, they are strange
 Creatures, for some of them haue thre faces, & so fine in proud pa-
 ces, that if they carie it as they doe, they wil put manie men out of
 countenance: for other ordinarie matters, they are as you left them,
 a pot of Ale is worth a pennie, a Bawd wil haue braue Clothes, the
 Pan in the Spene is aboue the Clouds, and the Bnane of Cloddes
 wil still make one in the stocke. Other things there are that I am
 shortly to acquaint you with: in the meane time write vnto me how
 thou doest, and how the winde blowes on your side: and so foris I
 haue no good thing to send thee, with the loue of my heart, I commit
 thee to the Almightye.

Thine to the end, M.R.

An answer.

Thou mad Willaine, what hath walkt about thy byzaines, to put thy wit in such a temper: a tale of a Tub, and the bottome out: wel, to quite your kindnesse, you shal know somewhat of our world. So it is, that the For hath made a hand with most of our fat Ceele: the Wolfe meets with our Lambes, befoze they can wel goe from the Dam, and the Cat-rat hath so spoiled our fish-pooles, that if he had not bene caught with a Trappe, we might have gone to see a fox a red Herring. Our Bailiffes Bull runs thorow all the Rie in our Parish, and the Tanners Dog hath worried a wild Sow. The Bailiffe of our hundred takes upon him like a Justice, and since the new Ale-house was set up, the Constable is much troubled: but though Dates be ranke and Rie be ripe, Wheate is but thyme, and Barly short: good fellowship goes doken the wind, and yet wenches are right byed: our Piper is fallen sick of an Ale-surfet, and old Huddle got a blow at midnight, that makes him straddle all day. Parnell shal haue her sweet-heart in spight of Tom Finker, and there is wondering in the Towne that thou art not in the Coale befoze the Sessions: but be thou of good chere, there is time enough for a good turne, and come when thou wilt, thou shalt make thine owne welcome. Oh mad Maie, let mee be merrie with thee a little, for thou knowest I loue thee: thy Grandfire is going to his grane, and hath bequeathed thee a knaves portion: the Bel hath gone for him: but so soone as he is past, I will send thee word in Post, that for grieffe of his death thou mayest drinke to all Christian soules: thy Sister is where she was, and sweares thou art honestier then thy Father. I wil say no moze, but thou hast friends that thou knowest not, and therefore come when thou wilt, we wil haue a health ere we part: and so in halt farewel.

Thine to the prooffe, R.S.

To

To a young man going to travell beyond the Sea.

God Confin, I finde by your last Letter your present intent to trauel, I pray God it may fall out for your good: for though in respect of your yeares, your bodie be in good state to endure some hardnesse, yet there is difference in the natures of Countries, both in the Ayre and dyet; but about these things, there are many things to be obserued, that negligently regarded, may be grieuous to your hurt: as first, for your religion, haue a great care, that your eyes lead not your heart after the horroz of Idolatry, serue God sincerely, not fondlie, not in shew, but in truth of zeale, and for all your comfort in all your course, that you trust in him, and none else: Secondly, for your carkasse, take heed of too much following the feminine sexe, and pray for continencie, it is a blessed vertue. I speake not this for the common sort, for I hope your spirit is too high to stoop to such game but for the Syrens, whose faces are bewitching objects, and whose voyces, as enchanting Musicke; if these be in the way of your Care, or your Eye, haste you from them, lest too late you finde it too true, that you wil hardly scape drowning, when you are ouer head and eares: such weeds wil hang about your heeles as wil so hinder your swimming, that you wil hardlie overcome it in health, if you hap to scape with your life: furthermore, if you meet with some chaste Penelope, whose beantie walkes euen with vertue, let not a chaste eye in her beget an vnchaste thought in you: I speake not this in feare of anie thing but your youth, yet though I know you wel disposed in manie wayes, I doubt you are not right in all: and this being a thing that I know most necessarie, I thought in my leue to give you a note of: now for your purse, let it be priuate to your own knowledge, lest it be an occasion of your unhappines, and breed you more partakers then for profit: now for your tongue, let it follow your wit, and tip it with truth, that it may abide all touch: and for your diet, let it be sparing, for better leaue with an appetite, then goe to Physicke for a Surfet: now for your conuersation, chuse the Wise, and rather heare them, then trouble them, and against all fortunes take patience in your passage: so seruing God, and obseruing the World, no doubt but you shal make a benefit of your voyage, and I wil be joyfull of your returne: and thus loth to tyre you with a long Tale, when I

know in a litle you wil vnderstand much : in prayer for your good
successe and safe returne, I comitt you to the Almightye.
Arthingworth 24. of Iuly 1634.

Your affectionate kinsman,
I. M.

To his friend C. T. in his time of sicknesse, and
sorrow for a great misfortune.

DEare George, knowing the cause, though not the condition of
thy sicknesse, I am bold a litle to aduise thee for the better re-
couerie of thy health : Thou knowest (deare friend) that there is no-
thing passeth neither vnder nor above the heauens, but either by the
direction or permission of the wisdom of the Almightye: there is no
Day but hath his Night, no Element but hath his contrarie, nor
comfort on the earth without a crosse: thou art sorrie to see the cru-
eltie of Fortune, but turne thine eyes to a better light, and thou shalt
see it a triall of Gods loue. For if nature be accursed for sin, thou must
finde it in this world or another, and the second death is worse then
the first. If sicknesse make thee see Gods hand, shal not patience
make thee trie his mercie: and health make thee know his loue: If
losses make thee poore, wert thou not better with patience be Gods
begger, then in pride the worlds King: grieve not then at thy for-
tune, but liue by thy faith: be rather a Iob then a Saul, for there is no
spurning against so sharp a pike as Gods purpose: I am sorrie
for thy sicknesse, but more for the cause: for to mourne to no end is
more follie: and a pining sicknesse is a signe of more passion then
patience; Christ suffered for thee, suffer thou for thy selfe lay alway
thy too much melancholly, for sighing is womanish, and weeping is
babish: be wise therefore for thy selfe, and be good to thy selfe, plucke
vp thy spirits, and put thy selfe onely vpon God, liue not like a dead
man, but die like a liuing man: let not fortune be a messenger of
death, nor impatience a prejudice to thy health: take thy horse, and
ride ouer to me: and take the time as it falls, if faire, the fewer
clothes: if foule, take a Cloake, but deferre not the time, for thought
pierceth

pierceth apace, and for the minde, there is no Physicke but patience and mirth: bying the first with thee, and the last I wil prouide for thee: til when, wishing thee out of thy solemne Cell, and to take my house for thy better comfort, til I see thee, and alwaies, I rest,

Thine in all mine owne, D.R.

An answer to the same.

How easily the healthfull can giue counsell to the sicke, and how hardlie they can take it, I would I were not in case to proue: but I see patience needs not to be perswaded, for where paine is, she wil be entertained. I know there is no resisting of Gods power, nor muttering against it: but yet thinke that flesh and blood in manie things hath much a doe to beare it, and though fortune be a fiction, yet it troubleth manie fine wits, and the triall of patience puts the best spirit to a hard point: neuer to haue had, is little woe to want: but to lose, hopelesse of recovery, wil sting the heart of a good mind: a sorrow is sooner taken then put off, and death is comfortable to the afflicted: fooles cannot take thought, and knanes wil not, but the honest and the carefull vnderstand the plague of miserie: if death be this way ordained me, I cannot auoid it, and if helpe come vnloked for, I shal be glad of it, but if you wil take the paines to make mee trie the comfort of your company, my selfe shal haue some roome to entertaine a friend for such a neede: and knowing your loue, can account no lesse: I pray you therefore without further ceremonies, let me see you verie shortly: if I liue, you shal know my kindnesse, if I die, you shal find my loue: so dealing towards a feuers fit, I am forced thus to conclude in the spight of fortune: in the grace of God, I wil digest what I can, and pray for patience for the rest: and so hoping speedily to see you, til then and alwaies, I rest,

In sicknesse and in health thine what mine, R.H.

A yonger Brother to his elder, false unhappily on a little wealth, and suddenly growne fondly proud.

Good Brother, as I am glad to heare of your health, so am I sorrowfull to heare of your ill carriage: it is told me by them that I can beleue, that your wealth which should make you gracious, makes you in a manner odious: why, it is wonderful, that you can so suddenly metamorphose your mind from wit to folly: it grieve me to heare your description of almost as many as know you: it is said you looke ouer the shouler, walke as vpon stilts, speake as it were for Charitie, and with a swelling conceit of your wealth, make your face like one of the foure winds: in your apparel you are womanish, your kuffes set vp in point, your beard so starched, & your countenance so set, that you are more meet for a prologue before a comedie, then to giue example of ciuilitie: formalitie is a kind of follie, when he that walkes vp-right like a Rabbat, is like a Boy that should say Grace: they say you are seldome without a stolne in your mouth, I would it were fillie perfumed for the desert of your follie: you weare your Cloake alwaies broad, that one may see your shiken inside: and your Garters beneath your knee are readie to weep for a Rose: all these notes are taken of you, and withall, that to maintaine this pride you are so couetous as the Deuill: for as I heare, you are both an Usurer and a Broker, and haue more cunning tricks in your trade then an honest heart could away withal: truly, this is not well, for your estate needs it not, your education doth not teach it: let me therefore intreat you to turne a new leafe, sing a new song, be courteous, be not couetous, kinde, but not proud, and haue a conscience in all your courses: for there must be an end of all your matters, and Rependance will be the best payment of your ill taken accounts: beleue it, for you shall finde it at last, I will not too late: and so out of the sincere love of a true heart, that holds you as deare, as his owne life, rather desirous to tell you what I finde amisse in you, then to sooth you in what I finde grievous in you: to his Grace that may amend you, with my prayers for you, I leaue you.

Your true louing Brother, R.B.

To

A Packet of Letters.

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To a faire proud Tit.

Faire Mistresse, why should you turne that to a curse, which was given you for a blessing? I meane your beautie, which should haue made you gracious, but hath filled you so full of pride, that you marre your colour with an ill countenance: and when you speake, you counterfeite such a kinde of lispings, that you cannot bring out a wise word: your bodies are made so strait, and your fardingale so great, that in stead of a Woman you may make an Antick of your selfe: I am plaine but tel you troth, I thinke you are best in your quouting coat: for your tricking and tying takes away all your proportion: so that the Painter and the Taylor haue put Nature out of countenance: but since it is the fashion for ffooles to weare a Cockes combe, let them weare feathers that list, I wil not blow them away, but as a good friend let me tel you, that tels you but for your good, be honest and be hanged, and let knauerie goe to the deuil: stand not leering in your doore, nor deuise lies to make ffooles, nor vse trickes to picke pockets, for in the end all will be naught, for the Door of the Gallowes, or the Deuil wil be the reward of plaine treacherie, if in the way you scape beggerie: and therefore follow my counsell: Giue ouer betimes befoze it giue ouer you: and since I haue turned my coat, turne your old gowne, and we wil joy together, to goe both in a limeric, for, say the word, and I am for thee: and so til I heare from thee I commend me to thee.

Thine if thou wilt, D.H.

Her answer.

You wicked villaine, hast thou plaid the Jew so long, that thou art wearie of thy selfe: and now comest to me for a companion: soft snatch, your trick is an ace out, and of all the Cards I loue not a knaue: my beauty is not for blere eyes, nor shal pretended honesty cheat my follie: hast thou had these occupations and none thine? a Pedler, a Parasite, and a Pander: and now wouldest be a Connie-
B
catcher:

catcher? Sir, I haue no game for your fferret, and therefore hunt further: Now for my laces and my lookes, and my trickes, and my toys, if they fit not your humour, I am not for you: but for the Por, the Gallies, and the Deuil, and the Ale-house, keepe you from them, and I wil keepe me from you: and if I thought I might trust thee, I could put thee in a ffoles Paradiſe: but if thou art not afraid of Sparrow-blaſting, come home and take a Birds neſt: which if it be better then a Woodcocke, thanke the Heauens for thy good fortune, and me for my good wil, and ſo til I ſee thy liuerie, I leaue thee to thy ſelfe.

Thine if I like, M.T.

A kind ſiſter to her louing brother.

My deare Brother, as you know our loue began almoſt in our Cradles: ſo I pray you, let it continue to our graues: I haue had a bad huſband, and you no good wiſe: and yet with patience we haue liued to ſee the ſtrange changes of time: but wee muſt one day walke after our friends, and therefore in the mean time, let vs make much one of another: write vnto me how you do in body and mind, and when I ſhal be ſo happy as to enioy your good companie: for being alone, you may be as a Huſband and a Brother, to controule my ſeruants, and comfort my ſelfe: belecue me, I long to ſee you, and in the meane time to heare from you: and therefore I pray you let no meſſenger paſſe from you without ſome few lines of your kinde loue, which are as deare as my life: this I pray you let mee not faile of. And ſo with my heartie commendations and moſt kinde loue, in my daily prayers for thy health, I leaue thee to the Almighty.

Thy very louing Siſter, A.N.

His answer.

Sweet Sister, I have received your loving Letter, for which I re-
turne you manie kinde thanks : my bodie I thank God, is in good
health, but my mind somewhat out of temper, for I see thre things
that doe much grieue me, a fole rich, a Wise man wicked, and an
honest man poore : for the first either by prodigality wastis himselfe,
or like a dogge in a bench-hole, hoards up his mony he knowes not for
whom : the second turnes wit to an euill course, that might compasse
better matters : and the third liues in griefe, that he cannot shew the
vertue of his condition. But when I consider againe, that here is no
Paradise : the Angels lue in Heauen, and Hell is too nere vnto the
earth : I am glad I can fall to prayer, to shunne the traps of the de-
ceitfull ; and, since I cannot goe from the course of fates, to take my
fortune as patiently as I can. You say wel, we haue liued to see much,
and yet must die when we haue seene all, you are rid of a trouble, and
I wel freed of a torment, yet are there crosses enow to trie the care of
a good conscience, in which I doubt not your wisdom, nor shal you
of my wil : but as patience is the salue of miserie, so is loue the joy
of nature, in which, as wee are nereely linked, so let vs liue insepa-
rable : thotlie I hope to see you, and till then and ever wil lue you :
the Lord of heauen blesse you, and in his mercie keepe you : so with
my hearts loue to you, to the Lords tuition I leaue you.

You very louing Brother, E.B.

A young man to his first Loue. *my m. H.*

Sweet Loue, since first I viewed your faire Beautie, I saw none
like you, nor like anie but you, my reason is drawne out of manie
grounds, and all in your graces. For first your beautie being such as
exceedeth my commendation, your wit too high for my reason to
reach, and your demeanour so discret, as diues me onlie to wonder:

Q 2

belarus

belæue my affection to be vntouched with vntruth, and requite my loue with some token of your good liking: for being the first star that hath made me study Astronomie, let me not lue in the clouds of your discontent, lest in a mist of miserie I fall to the lowest of fortune: leauing therefore my life to your fauour, or my death to your frown; I rest resolute, til I may rest,

Yours enely in all, **J. O.** Liuer.

Her answer.

If your heart were in your eyes, and your words were all truth, I should belæue a strange tale of the great force of fancie, but I must intreat your pardon to pause vpon my iudgement of your opinion, I would I were as you write me, though I did not requite you as you wish mee: for though I would not be vnkinde, yet wil I not be vncaresfull. Astronomie is too high a studie for my capacitie, and the clouds are fittest dwellings for them that are so high minded that the earth cannot hold them: In briefe therefore, build no Castles in the Ayre, lest they happen to fall on your neck, distrust not your fortune where your affection is faithful, nor put your life to loues passion, lest it trie your patience too much. Howsoeuer it be, carie reason in all your courses, and your care wil haue the more comfort, to which I wish you as much hope as a true heart may deserue, and so not knowing your rest wil trouble you no further, but rest as I haue reason.

Yours in good will, **M. H.** A ket

A Traueller beyond the Seas, to his Wife
in England.

Deare Wife, the miserie of my fortune is more then can easily be borne, and yet the most grieue is to be absent from thee, and
my

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my little ones: But as a Hen to her Chickens, be kind to them till I see thee, and pray for my successe, as I doe for thy health: from many dangers God hath deliuered me, and I hope will after many stormes send mee a faire day to doe me good, and a faire winde to bring me home: in the meane time I will haue patience, and intreat thee the like, for loue so long settled I know cannot lose his nature, and therefore not doubting thy constancie, I commend mee to thy kinde: kisse my Babes for me, and kindly receiue for thy selfe and them such tokens as by this trustie Post I send thee, and them: and thus hoping of thy health, as my hearts greatest happinesse in this world: in prayer for the same and thee & thine euermore I rest:
Amsterdam the 20. of August, 1634.

Thy deare louing Husband, T.W.

Her answer.

Sweet heart, let me intreat thee to be as merrie as thou canst in spite of fortune and her furie: for if thou hast but life to bring thee home, yet loue shall bid thee welcome: my prayers and thy little ones are daily for thee: we all long to see thee, and thinke it long to be so long without thee, but knowing thy intent for our good, we will haue patience til thy comming, and pray for the speed of it, with good successe of thy trauel: the Posts hall is great, and therefore I must end: for thy kind Letters and tokens I thank thee: somewhat by this Bearer, I haue sent thee, my notes in my Letter will tel you what, with my hearts lone, which can hold nothing from you: but auoweth all I am and haue, ready for you: to wuth my babes kisse and my owne, in prayer for thy health and hearts ease, I commit thee to the Almighty: London the 23. of September, 1634.

Thy very louing Wife, E.W.

A Letter Admonitory to his friend in loue.

Honest Wilkin, I cannot but mourne for thee to see thee in such a passion, as I thought neuer to haue taken thee in: I heare say thou art in loue: is it possible to be true, that the spirit of errorr could euer haue taken such possession of thy wit, to make a Saint of an Idol, and lose thy selfe in a maze: Why: first the thing Loue is another world then this, and hath little to doe with such creatures as thou keepest companie with: I am sozrie to heare how thou windest thy selfe into such a net, that thou canst no way get loose: sic vpon Follie, leaue thy fancie, lest it be too late, and then no man wil pittie thee: what: haue both eyes, and be starke blinde: eares, and hast heard nothing: nose, and canst smel nothing: a wit, and canst perceiue nothing: and a heart, that can feele nothing, to put thee from this new nothing which thou hast met with, called Loue: Why, let mee tell thee what it is, simply I cannot tel thee: but what are the qualities of it, as I haue heard and read of it, I wil deliuer thee. It wil Cuckold age, and besoule youth, betray beautie, and waite wealth: dishonour vertue, and worke villanie: this kinde of loue I meane, that makes thee dance Frenchmoye without a Pipe, it wil not let one sleepe, nor eate, nor drinke, nor stand, nor sit in quiet: it wil teach a foole to flatter, a knaue to lie, a French to dance, and a Scholler to be a Poet, befoze he can hit the way of a kinde Verse. It wil make a Souldier lazie, a Courtier wanton, a Lawyer idle, a Merchant poore, a poore man a begger: it wil make a wise man a foole, and a foole quite out of his wits: it wil make a man womanish, and a woman apish: to be short, there is so much ill to be said of it, that he is happie who hath not to doe with it. If therefore thou be not too farre gone, come backe againe. If thou canst leaue thy Rude, lay away thy Rooke, and think of other matters then the mouth of Venus, lest Mars be angrie, or Vulcan play the Villaine, when Cupid shal be whipt for shooting away of his arrowes. In fine, giue ouer thy humors, for it is no better then a fancie: and liue with mee but a day, and thou wilt be in hate with it all night: for the desire is fleshlie, and the delight is filthie: the suit is costlie, and the fruit of it but follie: Leaue beautie to the Painter to helpe him in his Art: wit to the Scholler, to helpe the weakenesse of his memorie: and wealth

Wealth to the Merchant to encrease his Stock : cases to the Lawyer to helpe his pleading : Honour to the Souldier to put forth his valour : and so let thy Mistresse be divided among them, and when they are all together by the eares, come thou away to me, and liue with me, and credit me, thou wilt in the end thanke mee for dealing thus trulie and plainelie with thee: In the meane time let me heare from thee what I shal hope of thee: for as thou knowest I loue thee, from my lone I haue written to thee, what I know is good for thee, and what I wish may doe good with thee. And thus, till I see thee, in heartie prayers for thee, and like commendations to thee, to the Lord of Heauen I leaue thee.

Thine, as thou knowest, L.E.

The answer.

God Goose eat no more Hay : what a noise hast thou made with keeking at nothing : Thou hast heard thou knowest not what, and talkest thou knowest not how : take a Woodcocke in a springe, and touch not me with these termes: now for thy mourning, let it be for the losse of thy wit : for I haue no feare of had-I-wit. A oue (quoth he) you neuer knew what it is, and yet speake so much of it: either you wrong it or your selfe, that you no better vnderstand it: or let me tel you, you are mistaken in it: It is the light of beautie, the blisse of nature, the hono: of reason, and the joy of time : the comfort of age, and the life of youth : it is the tongue of truth, stay of wit, and the rule of vnderstanding, it is the bridle of wit, and the grace of sence : it makes a man kinde, and a woman constant, and while frooles and Apes play at bo-peepe for a Pudding, Lucers haue a life they would not leaue for a Mountaine. Now for Mars and Venus, they are studies for Schoole-boys, and hee that feareth Vulcan, let him be whipt for Cupid. To be short, thou art stranglie cut of tune to write mee such a piece of Musicke : for were I but in the way, shall I turne backe to thy whistle : No, thou knowest not what it is, and therefore talke no more of it: for hadst thou but once kindly had a taste of it, thou wouldest die ere thou wouldest leaue it :
belene

belæue it, I know it : and therefore for the verition of my Distresse, I wil take it as a Dreame, and be sozrie that awake thou hadst no moze wit then to write it : but let all unkindnesse passe, it may be I wil shortly see thee, and then make thee glad to yeld to me, that thou art in a foule error : to with mee to leaue my Love, to live with thee : but since I know thy kindnesse, I wil beare with thy weakenesse, and in the faith of an old friend harken to thee in another matter : and so wishing thee no moze to envie so much against a matter of so excellent vertue, I wil leaue thee for this time, and rest allwaies

Thine, as his owne, R.P.

The Country-mans Letter to his beloved
Sweet heart.

Thuelly Sweet-heart, I am so out of order with my selfe with the Extremitie of loue that I beare you, that my heart is euen at my mouth to say Sweet-heart, when I think on you : and if I heare but your name it makes me start, as though I should see you, and when I looke on my Handkerchiffe, that you wrought me, I thanke you, with Countreie-blew : O how I lift vp my eyes to heauen, and say to my selfe. Oh there is a Wench in the Woods, wel, goe too : but when I see my seat lying that you sent me by your Brother Will, I doe so kisse it, as if thou wert euen within it. Oh Nell, it is not to be spoken that affection that I beare to thee. Why, I ferretted all night for the Rabbit I sent thee, and haue bene in the Wood all day to sake a Birds nest for thee : my mother is making a Cheese-cake, and she hath promised it me for thee : wel, belæue me I loue thee, and if my high shoes come home on Saturday, Ile see thee on Sunday, and wee wil drinke together, that is once, for indeed I doe loue thee. Why, my heart is neuer from thee : for ouer and besides that I think on thee all day, I do so dreame on thee all night, that our folks say in my sleepe I call thee Sweet-heart, and when I am awake and remember my dreame, I sigh and say nothing, but I would I wot what : but it is no matter, it shal be, and that sooner then some think : for though the old Crust my Father, and old Gramme my Mother wil

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will not come out with their Crownes, I care not, I am all their sonnes, and therefore I shal haue all the Lands: and hauing a good farme, we shal make shift for monie: and therefore Sweet-heart, for so I wel dare call thee, I pray thee be of good cheere, wash thy face, and put on the Clones that I gaue thee, for wee are full askt next Sunday, and the Sunday after you know what, for I haue your fathers good wil, and you haue my Mothers: if buckles and thong hold, we will load our packs together: I would haue said somewhat else to you, but it was out of my head, and our Scholemaster was so busie with his Boyes, that he would scarce write thus much for me, but farewell, and remember Sunday.

Thine owne from all the world, T P.

An answer to her heart of Gold, and best beloved.

NDone Lone, and kinde soule, I thanke thee for thy Sweet Letter a thousand times, I warrant thee it hath bin read and read ouer againe, oftner then I haue fingers and toes: euerie night I get vp our Man into my Chamber, and there by my beds side, he sits and reads it to me stil, til til I am almost asleepe: but when he reads so often Sweet-heart, and I loue thee: Oh, say I, you do lie, and he sweares, no: and then I said, I thank you Tom, no lone lost, for I am no changeling: and when he comes to dreame and awake, and with: I will not tel you what I thinke yet, but one day I will tel you more: in the meane time be content, and trust me: I haue a band in hand for thee, that shal be done before the time: and let our friends doe their wils, wee will not hang after their humours: So, I am thine, and thou art mine, and that not for a day, but for euier and euier. My Mother hath stolne a whole pecke of flower for a Bride-Cake, and our man hath swozne, hee will steale a brace Rosemarie Bush, and I haue spoken for Ale that will make a Cat speake: and the Youths of our Parish haue swozne to bring the blind fidler: Well, be of good cheere, on Sunday I will be at Church, and if there be any dancing, I hope to haue a bout with you. And til then, and the Sunday after, and euerie day after that, God be with you. Written by

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sur

our Man at my Bed Side at Midnight, when the folkes were all a
ſleepe.

Your true louing in heart till death vs depart, E.S.

An angry Letter by a young Louer in the Country,
to his Loue. M.N.

MArgerie, the truth is, you doe not bſe me wel: what doe I get
by you, to loſe my dayes worke, and ſit at a ſtile blowing my
fingers in the colde, in hope to make you a milking, and you ſend a-
nother in your roome, and goe to Market another way: Wel if I be
not your Sweet-heart, much good doe you wuth your choiſe: I hope
my Fathers Sonne is worzhie of your Mothers Daughter: Your
picking in a clout is not ſo good as a Plough, and ſo your Portion,
I can haue your betters, but it is no matter, he is curſt in his Cradle
that truſts any of your words: and therefore ſince it is as it is, let it
be as it wil: I wil not put at my heart, that you hang at your heeles.
Wel, to be ſhort, take it ſo: a warning, ſo I am angry: if you ſerue
me ſo againe, you ſhal ſerue me ſo no more, that is once: and there-
fore either be as you ſhould, or be as you liſt, ſo I wil not digeſt
more then I can, that is the truth: other folkes ſee it as well as I,
what a ſfoole you make of me, but it is no matter, I may liue to be
made wuth you: but yet, if you wil giue ouer your gadding, and be
ruled by your friends counſel, I can be content to forget all that is
paſt, and to be as good friends as ere we were. And ſo hoping to
heare better of you, then ſome folkes thinke of you, meaning to be at
your Colone the next Market day, if you wil meet mee at the Roſe,
wee will haue a Cake and a bottle of Ale, and may hap be merrie ere
we part, and ſo farewel.

Your friend as you uſe me, B.D.

Her

Her answer.

BArbarie, you are much to blame to fall out with your selfe, for want of better companie: If you be angrie, turne the Buckle of your Girdle behind you: for I know no body is in love with you. What's here to doe with my fathers Horse, and your Mothers Harre? Why, I wonder what you aile: is the Sonne in the Eclipse, that you are so out of temper? Hold, truth it is pitie a foole cannot haue a little wit, but he wil spend it all in a few words: Alas, the day, it wil be night by and by, and if you be so pœnith to put Pepper in the Horse, if you can snæze both wayes, you are in no danger of death. Well, to be plaine, care for your selfe if you wil, for in truth, I wil take no charge of you: for if you wil hold on your course, you may walke whither you wil, and no bodie looke after you: for my selfe, I wil forget your Name and proper person: I hope there is none so mad as to be in love with you. In conclusion, come not to me til I send for you, nor looke after me til I bid you: I wil drinke no Bottle Ale with such a Bottle-nose, nor desire to come to Market to meete such a Companion: and so glad to haue this occasion to trie your patience, the Foreman of ffooles be your Woodcocke father, and teach you better how to vse your wit, if you haue anie. And so in as little loue as I can sauing my charitie: In heartie good wil, I leaue you as I found you, and so rest

Your friend as you see, M. N.

To her more friendly then beleueed faithfull
M. Tho. Iewell.

A Bitter-sweet is a bitter Physical Potion: if I be so to your thoughts, I hope I shal purge your head of ill humours: and then fainting ffrancie, that would deceine plaine Simplicitie, wil abuse neither of vs: and if your flattery were not grosse in my complexion, I should haue no respect of your condition: which how farre it is from your protested truth, I leaue to the secret confession of your little affection: Words follow thoughts, at the holes, and

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thoughts

thoughts keepe the Head, not the Heart : where the haine is a little troubled, it puts the wit much out of temper : and therefore wishing you to leaue Honoz to the Nobles, and Seruice to the Wealthy, giue me leaue to like of Equality, and so settle my Affection in discretion: which hating to disgrace the Wel-deseruing, cannot but baillie fauour the faithfull : Distrust is a kinde of Zealoussie, which if I could loue, I should perhaps be acquainted with, but solitarinesse being a sweet life, why should I seeke my hurt in a worse churfe : yet am I not bozne for my selfe, and therfore wil hearken to reason, and yet no further then to know the worth of a Jewell befoze I pay too deare for the wearing of it : and therefore let this suffice you, that no Heauen being in this world, take heede of a Hell of your owne making : and putting away the clouds of idle humors, looke into the height of that, that by the direction of Vertue, may bring you to Honour : to which if my helpe may auaille, I wil say Amen to such prayers, as may be made in a good minde : In which hoping you wil labour to rest, I leaue you to your best rest, and so rest,

Your friend as farre as I may not be mine owne enemy,

S. P.

A valedatory Letter to his inconstant
Mistress. R. R.

I Am sozrie that my own experiment should so euidently proue the verity of that common received opinion, that women generallie are subject to inconstancie, such was my confidence in you, and I made such sollicitations to my selfe of your firmnesse, that I would haue beleueed that a man might sooner remoue the Rocks out of the Ocean, and the Mountaines out of their station, then me out of your affections: How canst thou for shame cast thine eyes vpon me, whose pure and exuberant Love thou hast rewarded with such fleeting disloyaltie, and loue a number : King & Loner, march together in this, they can neither of them brooke a competitor or cozriual: I wil leaue partnership and fraction to Merchants, but where I deuote my intimate

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mate loue to any Mistris, I expect a reciprocall and vniuided affection. But as you haue deseruicelie alienated your affection, and ertinguisht that loue I thought nothing but death should haue ended, so wil I iustlie abandon your seruice, and here cease to write of loue anie moze.

And rest a stranger, W. S.

An amorous Letter to a most faire creature.

Though the Age be past which drew her glazious stile from gold, yet neuer was anie richer in perfections then this present Age wherein you liue: Nature in former times did glozie when shee had wrought that matchlesse monld of Helena: since her moze skillfull hands haue produced your selfe, as the Master-piece of her most absolute wo:kemanship. But would I had as iust cause to commend your kindnesse, as I haue to write these Encomions of your feature, which truely was not borne to liue and die to it selfe, but for to be enjoyed: and the praise of every good thing, and particularly of beautie lies in its communion, and participation vnto others. Oh therefore rentoue not your fauour from mee your most faithfull seruant, who can no moze sustaine my life in the want of your kindnesse, then the Earth can remaine fruitfull in the Sunnes continuall absence: weak words are not able to comprehend the immensitie of my Loue, which leauing to the consideration of your ripe judgment, in hope of your selfe comfort, To whom the endeavour of my selfe, and the constancie of my faith are eternally deuoted, I rest,

In the depth of true affection,
R. S.

A letter gratulatory to a kind Gentlewoman.

Good Mistresse,

This posting Messenger (yet not so expeditious as the winged Pegasus) relinquishing in all hast this our towne of Lincolne, to
transpost

transport himseife in your famous Citie of London, the Center of Great Britaine, I could not let passe so fit an opportunitie to declare vnto you how much the remembrance of your by-past kindnesse, hath bound me to wish you the highest degree of all terrestriall happiness. But looking at your fauours with a remunerating desire, I finde the number of them so great, and the greatnesse so hard to be exprest much more to be recompenced, that like a vanquished man I am faine to yield and succumbe vnder the burden of so many arrears: Onely at this present like an humble Suppliant, I come to beg of you some more time (the mother of opportunity) vntill by the smiles of fortunes, and the diligence of my indefatigable endeauours I be enabled to make requital, but hoping that thus much may persuade you, that I haue not buried you in the pit of oblivion: I conclude and rest as I am bounden,

Yours euer to be commanded, N.I.

A Loue Letter.

To m^r. m. H.

The beauty which nature hath so lauishly imparted vpon you (absolute Pillris) makes her play the bankerout with most of the world besides: at the discouerie whereof, as my eyes haue often times stood at gaze, so is my minde altogether captivated to doe homage to your perfections: and therefore hoping that in your employments my future merits shall weigh dolene this my offence of presumption, I haue taken humble boldnesse to let you vnderstand how ready I am to performe you any seruice that possibility shall enable me vnto, whose loue is the bounds and vtmost end of my ambitious desires, desiring the attaineiment whereof as the comfortable satisfaction of my carefull paines, I rest,

Yours in the intringeable bounds of affection, I. G.

FINIS.